The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 295. Vol. L. APRIL, 1916. Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

PRIZE COMPETITIONS .. 5

THE READER—

Shakespeare. By Thomas Seccombe 7

On the Art of Writing. By T. E. Page 15

NEW BOOKS—

Laurence Binyon and Others. By Francis Bickley .. 17

The Roundabout 17

A Short History of the Oxford Movement. By Dr. James Moffatt 18

The Antecedents of the War 18

The Will to Success. By Ralph Straus 19

Faith Tresilion 20

In Slums and Society 20

Our Debt to Russia. By J. A. T. Lloyd 21

The American Novel. By Harold Massingham .. 21

Reality and Morality. By Robb Lawson 22

The Modern Note. By Edwin Pugh 23

Our Epic Hardy. By George Sampson 24

NOVEL NOTES—

Credulity Island—The Iron Stair—The Green Orchard—The Kingdom of the Winding Road—David Penstephen—Realms of Day—Caravan Days—Frey and His Wife—Greater than the Greatest—Should She have Told Him ? 25–28

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The Widowhood of Queen Victoria—On Walks and Walking Tours—Shakespeare and Democracy ..28, 29

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ..29, 30

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Shakespeare Day will not be celebrated until the 3rd May, which, allowing for the Gregorian change in the Calendar, corresponds with the old style 23rd April, the day of his death. Mr. George A. Stephen reminds us in a prefatory note to the March Number of the *Readers' Guide* to the Norwich Public Library, of which he is Chief Librarian, that in July, 1914, there was a meeting at which Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, Sir George Reid, the American Ambassador, and other distinguished people were present when a resolution was passed that "The Tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare should be commemorated in a manner worthy of the veneration in which the memory of Shakespeare is held by the English-speaking people and by the world at large." That was a few weeks before the war—and the war has made the adequate carrying out of the resolution impossible. Nevertheless, much is to be done, in various ways, and the occasion will not lack due honour. Stratford is, of course, making its special preparations for holding festival; at the Stratford Memorial Theatre, at Drury Lane and other theatres in London and the provinces certain of the plays are to be revived; and, to say nothing of meetings arranged by various literary and other societies, you may take what is being done by two of our large Public Libraries as fairly representing what is afoot at similar institutions up and down the country.

During April, the Norwich Library is holding an exhibition of books, prints and other material illustrative of the life and works of Shakespeare; and in May a lecture is to be given on the Monday of each week, commencing on the 3rd with one on "Shakespeare," by Dr. H. C. Beeching, Dean of Norwich. Dr. Beeching contributes an interesting article on how to study Shakespeare to the March Number of Mr. Stephen's *Readers' Guide*, which also contains a catalogue of over six hundred books and pamphlets forming the Library's Shakespeare Collection.

The Southwark Public Libraries in London are rightly taking special steps to associate themselves with the Tercentenary commemoration, for their Central Library is within a stone's throw of the site of the historic Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare was actor-manager and took part in the production of his own plays. The Central Library has made a practice of celebrating the birthday with concerts, lectures, exhibitions and recitals, and, preluding the Tercentenary, has just concluded a course of University Extension Lectures on Shakespeare and

his work. It has a Shakespearean Collection of three hundred volumes, and an appeal is being made for gifts or loans that shall augment this for purposes of Exhibition under the superintendence of the Chief Librarian, Mr. R. W. Mould. A special bay in the Library is devoted to Shakespeare, and it had been hoped to obtain funds to celebrate the Tercentenary by replacing the plain glass in this bay with a painted window, but, says Mr. Robert W. Bowers, the Chairman of the Libraries Committee, "the more urgent national necessities in these times do not encourage the hope that this part of the scheme can mature at present."

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing shortly "Shakespeare: His Music and Song," by the Rev. H. Moncursime. This will be the first volume of a new series to be entitled "The Music-Lover's Library," under the general editorship of Dr. Eaglefield Hull.

The Tercentenary gives a sort of timely interest to "The People in Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Sydney Kent, which was recently published by Mr. John Long. The same publisher is issuing shortly "New Light on the Enigmas of Shakespeare's Sonnets," by R. L. Eagle; and "In Burleigh's Days," by E. Brandram Jones, an Elizabethan romance which treats of the rise of Shakespeare and the production of his plays.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing a new edition of Professor Brandes' famous study of "Shakespeare."

For twenty years past Dr. Creizenach has been engaged on a "History of the Modern Drama," which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing. The first four volumes will be ready this month, the fourth being largely devoted to "The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare."

"Bond-Slaves," a new novel of Essex life by Mr. J. E. Patterson, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Photo by Sarony. **Mrs. J. E. Buckrose,**
whose new novel, "The Roundabout" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

"Things that Don't Count," a collection of essays on matters of the day by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., will be published immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. Under his familiar pseudonym, "Sub Rosa," Mr. Hughes contributed a daily article to the *Morning Leader* and to the *Daily News*, after the *Leader* was incorporated with it, for twenty-three years, his record running to the huge total of seven thousand articles, of an aggregate length of ten million words. The essays in his book are entirely new; they have not been dug out of that quarry, but are written in the same vein of shrewd and genial humour.

A new firm of publishers, Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, have adventured into existence, in spite of the war, and their first list includes "Stone Trees, and Other Poems," a new volume by Mr. John Freeman; a new edition of Mr. Freeman's earlier book, "Fifty Poems"; and two companion volumes, "In the Town: A Book of London Verses," and "On the Road: A Book of Travel Songs," both by Mr. Douglas Goldring.

So many changes have come over London since Mr. E. V. Lucas wrote "The Wanderer in London" a decade ago, that he has been moved to write a supplementary volume, "London Revisited," describing in his own delightful fashion London as it is to-day. This is to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

It is some time since we had a new novel from Mr. J. A. Steuart. He has been writing a story of the war, "Cupid, V.C.," a tale of love and adventure in which the central figure is a young lady doctor, and it is to be among the next additions to Messrs. Dents' "Wayfarers' Library" series. Another new volume in this series will be a regimental history of "The Coldstream Guards," by M. F. W. Walker.

Mr. Andrew Soutar,

whose new novel, "The Green Orchard" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number. Mr. Soutar is shown telling his two sons an instalment of their own serial, "Jimmy Capper," which has been running for three years and is not finished yet.

Mr. Eric Leadbitter, whose successful first novel, "Rain Before Seven," was published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin last year, has written a second book, "The Road to Nowhere," which the same firm is issuing immediately. Mr. Leadbitter is still only a young man of twenty-four. He is on the staff of the Public Trustee, and wrote "Rain Before Seven" at the age of twenty-one, finishing it in a month of evenings after working all the days in his office. It did not appear until two years later, having been declined, in the interval, by practically all the other leading London publishers. It amply justified its existence not only by winning the praise of the reviewers, but by reaching a second edition within a month of publication. Mr. Leadbitter, by the way, is the brother-in-law of Teresa del Riego, the well-known song writer, who composed "O Dry Those Tears," and many other popular melodies.

A novel that should have a particular interest for writers of fiction as well as readers of it is "The Right Divine," by W. Harold Thomson, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly. It is a love story, but a good deal more, for the hero comes from Perth to London where he embarks on a literary career as a free-lance journalist. The advice to literary aspirants that is scattered through its pages should prove both amusing and useful.

The next three volumes in Mr. Erskine Macdonald's successful "Little Books of Georgian Verse" series are, by chance and not design, by three of our new fighting men—Lieutenant Lodge, Lieutenant Hussey and Lieutenant Blunden, the latter a Christ's Hospital boy, who has gone into the Army instead of to Oxford.

"Unhappy in thy Daring," by Marius Lyle, which has just been published by Mr. Andrew Melrose, is the story that won the £250 prize in the Melrose Prize Competition last year.

"Trees," a poem by Mr. Harold Munro that appeared recently in the *English Review*, has been published in a limited edition by the Poetry Bookshop. The book is illustrated with some charming woodcuts.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor's admirable article, "Some Thoughts on Bookselling: Its Past and Its Future," has been reprinted from the *Publisher's Circular* in pamphlet form, and we strongly advise authors, publishers and booksellers to get it and read it. Mr. Shaylor's experience enables him to speak

Canon Adderley,

whose book of reminiscences, "In Slums and Society" (Fisher Unwin), is reviewed on another page.

with authority; what he does not know of the book-selling trade is known to nobody else. He has some suggestive things to say about books that are published at the expense of their authors; thinks the introduction of the net price in 1900 the greatest benefaction the trade ever had, and advocates an extension of the system to all books; he is not perturbed by the constant talk of over-production, and is satisfied that "there is not now and never has been any over-production in books that are worth putting upon the market." It is a pamphlet of importance to all engaged in writing books or in selling them.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing immediately "Verdun to the Vosges," by Gerald Campbell, the Special Correspondent of *The Times* on the French Eastern Frontier. The book deals more especially with the earlier days of the war.

The publication of Miss Peggy Webling's admirable little book of personal recollections, "A Sketch of John Ruskin," has been taken over by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Miss Webling published it privately some two years ago, and the increasing interest that has been taken in it ever since has led her to placing the book with Mr. Mathews.

Photo by Vandyk. **Mrs. Clare Jerrold,**
whose new book, "The Widowhood of Queen Victoria" (Eveleigh Nash), is reviewed in this Number

"Clipped Wings," a novel of stage life by Rupert Hughes, will be published immediately by Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Longmans are publishing shortly "With the 29th Division in Gallipoli," being the Diary of the Rev. O. Creighton, who was Chaplain of the force that formed the covering party in the landing on Cape Helles.

Mr. Frederic Coleman,
whose brilliant personal narrative, "From Mons to Ypres with French," has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch has written a play, the scenes of which are laid at Fowey, in Cornwall. It is a drama of Napoleonic days, and is to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 22nd inst.

It is said that these are no days for introducing a new author to the public, but Mr. Murray either thinks otherwise or has found an author so exceptional that he thinks the rule may in this case be broken. He is publishing immediately "No Graven Image," a first novel by Miss Hilda P. Cumings.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just issued a new and cheaper edition of "From Memory's Shrine," the reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, the late Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

In the death of Henry James, English literature suffers its greatest loss since the passing of Meredith. Much has been written of the novelist and his work in the last few weeks, but nothing, perhaps, so brilliant or so finely sympathetic as the searching critical study of Henry James by Dixon Scott, which is to be included, with large additions, in the posthumous collection of his essays, "Men of Letters," that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish shortly.

We regret to record the deaths last month of the well-known novelist "Frank Danby" (Mrs. Frankau), and of Mr. William Macdonald, one of Charles Lamb's most sympathetic interpreters and the editor of one of the best editions of his works.

As a Directory and Biographical Dictionary of distinguished men of the time "Who's Who" (A. & C. Black) has become quite literally indispensable. If any testimony to its value were needed, one has it in the fact that, even in this year of war, it has already been necessary to reprint the 1916 edition.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to
"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.
Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation of our Airmen in eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to R. Scott Frayn, of 85, Bolton Road, Silsden, near Keighley, and B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

THE EARLY THRUSH.

Not Joy! Not Joy! The winds are shrill,
And laggard snow streaks every hill;
The skies are weeping, fields are sleeping,
Late the dreary dawn is peeping—
No, not Joy!

Not Love! Not Love! No mate is nigh
To scatter forth sublime reply;
No heart is listing my persisting,
Lonely is my tuneful trysting—
No, not Love!

But Hope! For Hope's adventured note
Is thrilling in this throbbing throat;
With song enhancing dawn's advancing,
Hark! I wake the winter's trancing—
Hope! Yea, Hope!

R. SCOTT FRAYN.

THE CLERK.

Perched upon an office stool, neatly adding figures,
With cuffs gone shiny and a pen behind his ear;
Deep in Liabilities, Goods and Double Entry,
So he worked from year to year.

Diligent and careful, hedged about with figures,
Given soul and body to discount and per cent.;
Bounded by the columns of Purchase Book and Journal,
Soberly his moments went.

Now his pen has ceased from adding rows of figures,
Ceased from ruling ledgers and entering amounts:
Clad in sodden khaki, with a gun in Flanders
He is balancing accounts.

B. R. M. HETHERINGTON.

We also select for printing:

THE FLIRT.

Love lit her lamp in the heart of a man;
Fed it with Hope, and then elfishly ran
To usher in Grief, with a flick of her fan.

Grief bow'd her head on the threshold, afraid;
Hope spread her wings in the darkening shade;
And out of the night came the laugh of a maid!

(Cyril G. Taylor, The Bee Hive, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.)

COMFORT.

Earth has no grief that Heaven cannot heal,
However deep the pain.
Help us, Oh! tender Lord, this truth to feel,
This healing balm to gain.
We are so weak, Oh! Comforter Divine,
Teach us to know that all our griefs are Thine.

Earth has no grief that Heaven cannot cure
If we have faith, and pray;
The healing may be slow, but it is sure,
In His own time, and way,
He sends us comfort, helps us to resign,
To say, through tears, "Thy way, Oh, Lord! not mine."

(B. M. Wills, *care of* Mrs. Francis, Burnham Norton, King's Lynn.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we also select for special commendation the thirty written by Winifred Auld (Maida Vale), Kathleen A. Brainbridge (Kidderminster), Catherine Ritchie (Merstham), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Mrs. A. G. Guthrie (Edinburgh), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Isabel Roget

Miss Winifred James
(Mrs. Henry De Jan),
whose latest book, "A Woman in the Wilderness" (Chapman & Hall), giving an account of her experiences during the first year of her married life at a lonely station in Panama, is one of the best-selling books of to-day.

Miss Mary Richardson,
whose novel, "Matilda and Marcus" (Simpkin, Marshall), is reviewed in this Number.

(Kensington), E. M. Cubison (Earl's Barton), Mabel Malet (Hull), A. G. Prys-Jones (Dulwich), G. Chester (Harrow), Elizabeth Noke (Worcester), Mary Carolyn Davies (New York), Clyde Dane (Sandown, Isle of Wight), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. H. Bower (Clapham), G. N. Goodman (Watford), V. S. Laughton (Wimbledon), C. Vere Annesley (Tenterden), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), E. H. East (Liverpool), E. Jotham (Isle of Man), V. D. Goodman (Gillingham), O. Whitehouse (Horsham), Beatrice Bunting (Durham), Norman Donnelly (Bolton), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

BENTLEY'S CONSCIENCE. BY PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock.)

"Said he, 'Let others shoot.'"
HOOD, *Faithless Nellie Gray.*

We also select for printing:

THE VOLUNTEER. BY HERBERT ASQUITH. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

"Bitter constraint . . .
Compels me."
MILTON, *Lycidas.*

(Charles Powell, 2, Reynard Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

THE SPIRIT AND THE LAW. BY EDITH MARY MOORE. (Chapman & Hall.)

"I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Cells.*

(E. A. Carr, Lyndall, Essendon Road, Sanderstead.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. (John Long.)

"Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed."
T. HOOD, *Eugene Aram.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The response in this competition has been very interesting. Out of over a hundred reviews of our last month's prize lyric, only three are unfavourable. If we had space we should like to print a selection. It has been difficult to decide upon the best, but after careful consideration the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Bertram J. Saunders, of Oakleigh, 61, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glamorgan, for the following:

FAILURE.

This is a poem of strong, dignified self-expression—a poem of character rather than of sentiment; a character great and high-souled. It is an utterance of the *mind*, for the heart *has* fully and fruitlessly spoken; herein lies its pervading strength. The mind is the directing and sustaining force, responsible for the calm discernment and judgment leading up to the heights of Love's renunciation. The whole is tearless and strong, though the forward darkness suggested is deep. We feel a heart for the moment has grown cold, a figure has turned to stone. It is a heart that *has* lived.

We select for special commendation the six reviews by W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), Miss E. M. Peet (Cheltenham), Muriel Pinch (Battle), H. R. Cooper (Barrow-in-Furness), Alice Gill (Bath).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss C. Vere Annesley, of The Gables, St. Michaels, Tenterden, Kent, for the following:

THE GUNS. BY GILBERT FRANKAU. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is the real thing. Mr. Frankau has written something poignantly stirring; his words ring with an echo of shot and shell and giant guns. Here are strong words for strong things. Only in one poem "Headquarters," does he strike a tender note—then he speaks of some woman and her dreams. In each of his poems one can picture the battle-plain almost too vividly. He is a marvellous master of words—the right words, too. There has been nothing written like this before. It is alive, every word of it, for Mr. Frankau writes of what he sees.

We also select for printing:

THE LIEUTENANT AND OTHERS. BY "SAPPER." (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The book reveals something of the spirit of English soldier manhood. It is a collection of impressions of the Great War, not written by a mere romancer, but obviously by one who *knows*. The stern and terrible realities of war are brought home to us; yet the book contains all that the ordinary reader desires: tears and laughter, and sometimes laughter ere the tears are dry. Those who have felt that the days of bravery are over, and those who themselves need a renewal of courage should read this book. It is a restorer of faith in (English) human nature.

(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Mattock.)

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND. BY IAN HAY. (Blackwood.)

War books may come, and war books may go, but this one will last for ever. It is the immortal testimony of the spirit of the British in their life struggle, written by one who has shared in the hardships and joyed in the triumphs of Kitchener's Army. It brings before us, sometimes with laughter, often with tears, always with understanding, first the little trials and sufferings of the men in training, and next the colossal joys and sorrows of the soldiers at the Front. No one but Ian Hay could have achieved this masterpiece which should be read by all.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

GEORGIAN POETRY, 1913–15. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

Were it only for Mr. Gordon Bottomley's play "King Lear's Wife," which appears for the first time here, this anthology would be memorable. As a gloss on Shakespeare the play is valuable, and the explanation—to us very necessary—of the aged king's harsh reception by his two elder daughters is worked into a fine and convincing drama. Of the other thirteen poets represented is work which, assuredly, Englishmen to come will not easily forget. Let it be said, too, that the volume is produced with that distinction of craftsmanship which characterises the Poetry Bookshop publications.

(Reginald Gray, Wythburn, Coniscliffe Road, Darlington).

We also specially commend the twelve reviews by N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), W. C. Reedy (Forest Gate), F. Webster (Walworth), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), M. A. Newman (Brighton), M. Hunt (Eastbourne), Obanite (Oban), Frances D. Watson (Stockport), Bruce Lindsay (Midlothian), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), A. L. Garland (Hyde Park), B. M. May (Farnham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of Hazeldene, Richmond Road, Wolverhampton.

THE READER.

OUR SHAKESPEARE.

By Thomas Seccombe.

SHAKESPEARE Commemoration may well be, in spite of our terrible preoccupations, a concern of some national moment in 1916. The whimsical and capricious individual element which has led us astray in various phases of national activity, has caused much diversion from the Major to the Minor Prophets of Letters. Things of wood and stone, the prophets of Baal even, the graves of the sorcerers have bewildered and led us astray. Fashion in these matters has been omnipotent. From the amount of time that we, as a people, devote to Shakespeare, it would be hard to deduce that we really regarded him as our supreme author. And yet just as it is most important that any living society should so arrange matters that its best, most energetic and most able people may emerge and come to the front in the direction of affairs, so for the moral and intellectual perspective of a nation it is most important that we should worship our true gods. Lip service puts Shakespeare invariably first, but there is no small amount of hypocrisy in this, and this hypocrisy has done a good deal of harm.

The line of the elegist Basse is still remembered:

"Sleep, great tragædian, Shakespeare, sleep alone."

We have, it is to be feared, acquiesced too supinely as a nation in this solitary slumber, and have left the tragedian's rest only too severely undisturbed. It is our view, at any rate, that Shakespeare has had too many critics and not enough playgoers. Shakespeare wrote a series of the finest plays in the world upon the most universal and unmistakeable subjects, such as Love, Ambition, Pride, Jealousy, Revenge, Fear, Loss of Possessions, most indeed of the afflictions of Job. The man who could perform these marvels is a marvel himself—a precious stone set in the silver sea of memory. The homage of the Scene, "To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe" is his manifest due and tribute. But poor Shakespeare has been so overloaded with book study and antiquarian lore and secondary-symbolist meanings that he has been dosed at times to within an ace of premature dotage. A contemporary of Queen Victoria found little difficulty in tracing the present war to its ultimate causes—traceable in each case to some supreme failing of the several belligerents. Thus France suffered for her Atheism, Russia for her Siberian Severities, Belgium for the Congo, Serbia for her Regicide, Britain, for the Opium Traffic, and Germany for the Higher Criticism. It is the Higher Criticism which has imperilled the posthumous life of Shakespeare by setting his would-be admirers against each other, and compromising the cult of our greatest Empire Builder by the menace of Civil War.

A series of eccentric hallucinations and crazes have swept in succession over the study of Shakespeare. Some of these have been due to the busy brains of pedants and illiterates, but others have emanated from critics and philosophers. Most have sprung from ignorance of Shakespeare's aims and the peculiar limitations and idiosyncrasies of the contemporary stage. Ben Jonson, for instance, started the hare of the Dramatic Unities. No one violated them with more nonchalance than Shakespeare. What could be more outrageous than the freedom used in imagining and assuming in the "Winter's Tale"? Then there was the violent intermingling of the Comic and the Tragic as seen in "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear," "The Merchant of Venice." Only a buffoon, maintained Rymer the Critic, could sandwich the gravity of "Hamlet," and the lewd banter of the gravediggers. "Othello" Rymer called a bloody farce without salt or savour. Shakespeare might have been a great humourist, there are signs of it in Cæsar and Othello, but when it comes to passages demanding dignity, . why, not a monkey, not a pug of Barbary, but has a truer taste of things. The blood, the barbaric violence (Gloucester in "Lear," for example) the incongruities rendered adaptation indispensable. Hence, the Richard of Cibber, the Lear of Nahum Tate, Lansdowne's Jew of Venice, Dennis's Comical Gallant (Falstaff), and Dryden's Enchanted Island. Shakespeare's profound ignorance of dramatic art justified an infinitude of "refined" modifications by

Shakespeare.
The Droeshout Portrait.
From the original painting in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

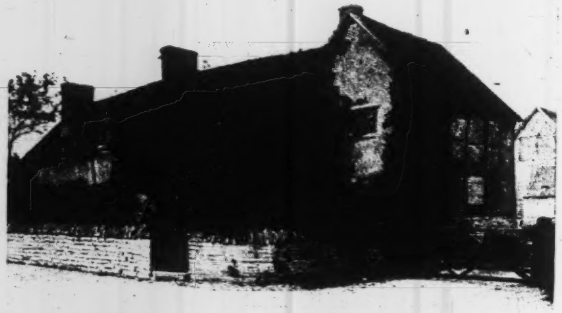


Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Mary Arden's Cottage at Wilmcote,
where Shakespeare's mother lived before her marriage.

the age of Pepys and Wycherley. One curious theory of French origin, which persisted long and obtained wide currency owing to the loud authoritative voice of Voltaire, was that Shakespeare was a kind of inspired rustic, whose habitual gibbering was diversified by great moments of genuine poetry. Another was that Shakespeare was the unrecognised and much-persecuted victim of Ben Jonson and other dramatists of the age. Allied with this was the German theory of Shakespeare's isolation among the dramatists of the period, and the exaggerated theory of Shakespeare's art, the very rudeness and nodosities of which were nothing less than additional beauties. This was followed in the mid-nineteenth century by an extraordinary mania for the discovery of Shakespeare symbolism, together with a strong inclination to the psychological fallacy that Shakespeare's choice of tragic or comic themes must have been conditioned by the immediate circumstances of his life. Not only was each play discovered to represent some distinct ethical teaching, a parable in the disguise of a play, but almost every character of importance was discovered to conceal a satire upon some contemporary rival or enemy. In similar spirit Shakespeare's dramatic blank verse has been subjected to every kind of possible and impossible "metrical test," while his acts and scenes have been pulled about to suit the exigencies of the latest theories of Elizabethan staging. These ingenious, but for the most part faded speculations, have given place to passionate altercations upon the inner meaning and significance of the sonnets—the debate concentrating upon the interpretation of the cryptic dedication addressed to the only begetter, Mr. W. H., by the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T. One can read now, with nothing short of intense amusement, the grand discovery by the French discoverer, M. Philarète Charles, acclaimed with perfect solemnity by the *Athenæum*, the *Westminster*, and *Saturday Reviews*, and by a consensus of learned opinion, that the mystic W. H. meant nothing more or less than "William Himself." *Voilà la symbolique des sonnets!* Another craze (initiated by people who seem to have known Shakespeare alone among great authors, and to have ignored that extraordinary faculty of assimilation which is practically indispensable to all great creative artists, constituting, in fact, the kind of literary second sight which distinguishes an author from another) is that because Shakespeare has written so well about travel, about seafaring, about soldiering, about women, about angling, about litigation, about the Bible, etc., etc., therefore he must have been a great traveller, a sailor, a soldier, a woman, an angler, a lawyer, a Protestant divine and the like, himself. What Shakespeare meant by being a genius, why he was a genius, this is what such amiable mediocrities can never imagine. Why these beneficent sphinxes—these men of genius—do what they do, we can never determine. Fortunately for us they do it. Some instructive detractors of the greatest make much out of the fact that Dizzy took a speech from Thiers or a *mot* from a Russian diplomat, so they make much of Shakespeare's borrowings. The right lesson of these attachments and annexations is surely that the more these great conquerors of speech and ideas borrow the better it is for us. They are traversing the desert whitened with the bones of explorers from time immemorial, and they are vivifying the experience of the past with a magic touch. Lafcadio Hearn, a true appreciator of genius, expanded the borrowing practice of Shakespeare and its practical benevolence in a notable lecture to his Japanese students in words which I only wish I could recall, for the words were memorable and the book most inaccessible. But here is another version of this form of Shakespearian industry which will assuredly help us. As Mrs. Stopes well says in her book on "Shakespeare's Industry," Shakespeare was not a pioneer in dramatic art. He was by no means always the first to manipulate the materials that he used. He often borrowed plots, sometimes characters, and even language. In the difference between what he had received and what he gives, we can learn something of the transforming touch of the myriad mind. Something perhaps of the mind, and even the heart itself, of the author. There is nothing new under the sun said the preacher. But there are new combinations and new transmutations. "To him had been revealed the two great secrets that the philosophers of the day vainly sought, the secret of the Philosopher's Stone that would turn the baser metals into pure gold and the secret of the Elixir of Life which could secure to his work the gifts of immortal life and eternal youth. Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues. His spiritual insight showed him how to vivify the processes by which he presented his thoughts to the world, and made even dry bones live. If it is true that he was a student before he was a writer, it is true also that he was an actor before he was a dramatist. Dissatisfied with

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery.

or tired of some of his company's plays, he altered them to the satisfaction of the owners and of their audiences until he altered them so much as to remake them altogether, until they grew popular as his own work.

"When he faced the question of writing a play, he consciously or unconsciously set himself at least firm special laws or limitations under which he must work, considering its possible effect, first, on the Censor and on the Public; secondly, its suitability to the acting powers of his own company; thirdly, its satisfaction of his own critical taste; and fourthly, its truth to the originals, this the last and least important to him. To these might be added at times a second intention such as Spenser elaborates in the explanation of the allegories in his "Faerie Queene," where he had both a general and a particular meaning. For we have Shakespeare's own authority that he had at times gored his own thoughts, made old offences of affections new, in his dramatic works. The very clue to much of this is lost, but sufficient remains to make us remember the possibilities of other suggestions. These five determinants influenced him in different proportions at different times of his life, as by his work and experience he gradually educated not only himself but his public. By degrees he came to consider his public less, and himself more. He taught them what they ought to want. He could risk it. He laboured against what may be called the sensationalism of the pre-Shakespearean stage by throwing an interest into character apart from as well as through the plot. The blood and horrors which were supposed necessary to give force to a tragedy, were generally connected with feeble characterisation. Character was drowned in a great flood of action. He only once followed the people's tastes in 'Titus Andronicus,' and after that he made the prevailing taste follow him."*

This is Mrs. Stopes at her best. Often she is too archæological for our taste. Of course, there is another side of the question—where Shakespeare injured his original the better to suit the taste or the theatre of his day. The needs of his own particular public predominated. But the main point is essential. The characterisation is the thing that matters. Dramatic, not fictional characterisation; but the characters are firm and stable enough to have persisted as types for the best psychologists of succeeding ages.

Shakespeare handles the facts of history and of life with a sovereign impartiality. He was not in any sense a party man, and his attitude to present day politics would probably be as Bishop Stubbs says, a plague on both your houses. Yet politicians of all shades of thought may go to him and find texts for the faith that is in them. He in his time played many parts and is the poet of all. The theory that he was an aristocrat and a bit of a snob finds an able repudiator in Mr. Edward Salmon, who says well, I think, that every class has something to learn from Shakespeare: "The King the necessity of good government; the people that the kingly state is by no means a happy one; the statesman that the views of the people cannot be lightly gained, though the popular verdicts may be unstable; the agitator that order, loyalty and patriotism are essential to a country's prosperity and growth: the sufferer that

* "Shakespeare's Industry." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon,
as it appeared in 1849.

discontent is inevitable, and that in whatever sphere he is called upon to act, it will be well to recollect that there are others, in their own way, combating troubles equally hard to endure."*

One of the last but not the least inveterate forms of superstition about Shakespeare is that he was found out by posterity and foreigners, and was in scant favour with his own age and country. Yet in one of his own comedies published contemporaneously in 1608, it is expressly stated in the Preface that "this author's comedies are so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit that those most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies." At the period of his death, as Sir Sidney Lee points out, no mark of honour was denied his name. Dramatists and poets echoed the phrases of this "lord of language": cultured men and women of fashion studied his works; preachers cited them in the pulpit. A Fellow of Magdalen actually preached twice from the University pulpit, citing with special commendation speeches from "Romeo and Juliet" as applicable to God's love for His saints. Sir John Suckling was painted with "Hamlet" in his hand, and the writings of Shakespeare, so Milton informs us, were the "closest companions" of Charles the First in his solitude.

* "Shakespeare and Democracy." By Edward Salmon. 2s. (McBride.)

Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

Shakespeare's Birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon,
as it is to-day.

Shakespeare's House, New Place, and Chapel and Grammar School, as they appeared in 1800.

The pernicious fashion of suggesting recondite external explanations of Shakespeare reached its climax in 1857, in a book by Delia Bacon to prove that Francis Bacon and not William Shakespeare actually composed the plays commonly attributed to the Stratford actor. The craze was partly due to the disconcerting habit of the critics never to leave Shakespeare to his natural interpreter, the actor, but to supernaturalise and load with transcendental meaning his most ordinary situations and his too frequently overloaded and dark or allusive passages.

Shakespeare, it is plain, was not a sedentary man, or a man of study, or an Inns-of-Court man. On the contrary, he was an open-air man, a man of affairs, and something of a sportsman and a liver. But he had that peculiar, that compelling, and that much abused power of transmitting thoughts and impressions by means of ink and paper which distinguishes an author from another, a plain man from a "literateur."

Like all great authors, he uttered a vast quantity of truth without knowing it, delivers *obiter dicta* in cases of which he had never heard before, and pours forth profound opinions on many subjects of which he practically knew nothing. It was an unfortunate decision of the cryptographers to endeavour to double the part of Shakespeare with that of Bacon. The choice was manifestly made with a random superficiality. Bacon was the one known name of contemporary intellectual superman, statesman, scholar, lawyer, judge, and seductive philosopher. But it would be about as hopeless a task eventually to demonstrate that the novels of Dickens must have been written by Matthew Arnold, "The Dynasts" by Herbert Spencer, or the plays of the younger Dumas by Renan, as to double the parts of two such psychological opposites as Shakespeare and Bacon.

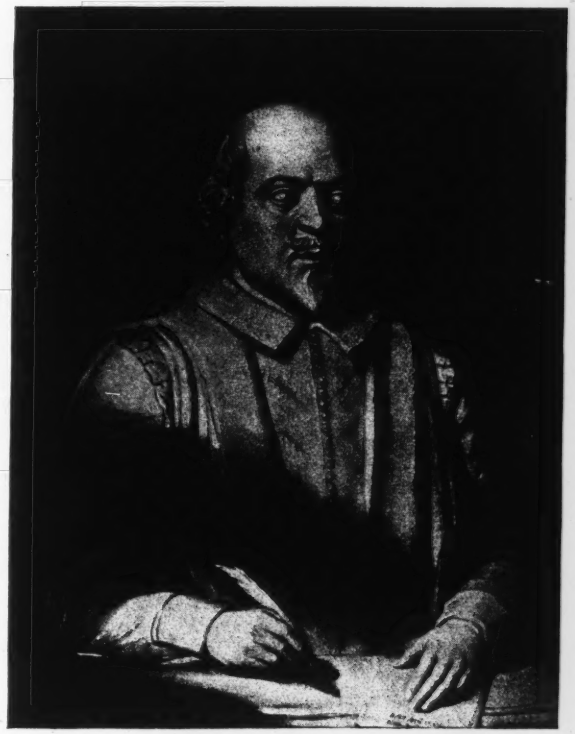
Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Old Grammar School (over Guildhall), at Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare had his education.

I wonder if there are still extant any conscientious objectors to Shakespeare? We have heard of Goldsmith and Burns, Cobbett and George IV., Tolstoi, Bernard Shaw, and a few others. With all his faults, his borrowings, his *ordures* as Voltaire politely calls them, we are inclined in this Parnassian concert to give him a notation equivalent to that given to Disraeli, with all his artificialities, at the Berlin Congress in 1878, by Bismarck: "Der alte Jude, *der ist der mann*." But our way of honouring still lacks the hallmark of conviction. With the Tercentenary we might well turn over a new leaf. Why are not the best plays of Shakespeare, "Romeo," "Julius Cæsar," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Othello," the Falstaff Plays—why are not these acted more often by the best companies and the starriest actors in vivid competition one with the other? Why is there not a central London house where Shakespeare's plays are continually on tap, as it were? Why do we not experiment more with the restoration of plays performed in the Shakespearean manner? Why has the home and school practice of Shakespeare reading declined? Why have we not a National Variorum Edition at a price as close as the Bible Society's issues of Testaments? To these I would add a national edition of a few commentatory, encyclopædic, or critical books, such as Furnivall's "Introduction," the Collectanea of Lamb, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Brandes, Bradley, Lowndsbury, Madden, and Baker, to which must certainly be added the "Life" by Sir Sidney Lee.* A cheap illustrated edition of this last work at a rational price would be an immense boon. Apart from the collection and cross fertilisation of an immense number of facts, new and old, literary and unliterary, about Shakespeare, the great critical service rendered to the dramatist by Sir Sidney Lee is that he stands as the champion of the impersonality of Shakespeare. The "Sonnets" have often been taken as a refutation of this view. This is precisely where the labours of this most encyclopædic objective biographer stand us in such valuable stead. Shakespeare, says Sir Sidney, was just the Primus among the sonnetteers of the age, the doyen of the Amorist school. The fashion of sonnets was as capricious and imperious as that of the keepsakes of eighty years ago. When the craze was at its height these sonnetteers were indefatigable with their amours and counter amours. All of them had their Ideas and their Delias, their beautiful and their black ladies, their exquisite love and their perfumed hate. Sometimes they mixed up both in one sonnet. The copies flew from hand to hand. They were the ballades, the rondels, the limericks, and the charades of the fifteen-nineties. When the fervour of the passion was at its height the distraught celebrants of their mistress's eyebrow lashed and spurred one

* "The Life of William Shakespeare." By Sir Sidney Lee. Re-written. 8s. 6d. 1915. (Smith, Elder.)

another to search in the heart and write, but instead of searching in their hearts in reality what they did was to search in the pioneer sonnets of Italy, or more often France—especially in Ronsard or Desportes. There they found all the regnant conceits in full operation. The discovery of all this is fairly conclusive. We can all of us discover the torso of Shakespeare in "Hamlet," or some other favourite play, and shape it into a character in conformity with our own prepossessions. But then other people have other favourites, other interpretations, and other prepossessions. The result is that one portrait of Shakespeare cancels another. The one exception to this ruling out of personality was the testimony of the "Sonnets." But when this testimony is discovered by the most expert specialist to be the testimony not of a man but of a whole school, "the case is altered" fundamentally. Such candour is more notable inasmuch as it is that of the advocate who, after examining his brief, is constrained to inscribe it "No case."



Shakespeare.

The bust on his tomb.

Shakespeare, when all is said and done, is a man for whom biography is not able to achieve much. It leaves him largely impersonal, and no one is readier to emphasise this than his most complete biographer. We are unable to circumscribe him or to transmit a personality as his apart from his writings. Biography, perhaps, helps for a time, like other modes of publicity. But in the end probably Renan is right when he ascribes anonymity to a book as the greatest ultimate advantage it can possibly have. Familiarity with the author belittles a book, and in spite of ourselves we perceive behind its most beautiful passages just another writer whose business it is to polish phrases and to combine effects. Like Montaigne, Shakespeare seems to stand at one of the world's crossways, and to owe some of his universality to the fact that here so many of the great highways of life, of past and present, seem to intersect. The medieval and the modern, the old religion and the new; the language of Chaucer and the language of Browning. There is an impact here of the Renaissance with Catholic New England on the one side, and Protestant New England on the other.

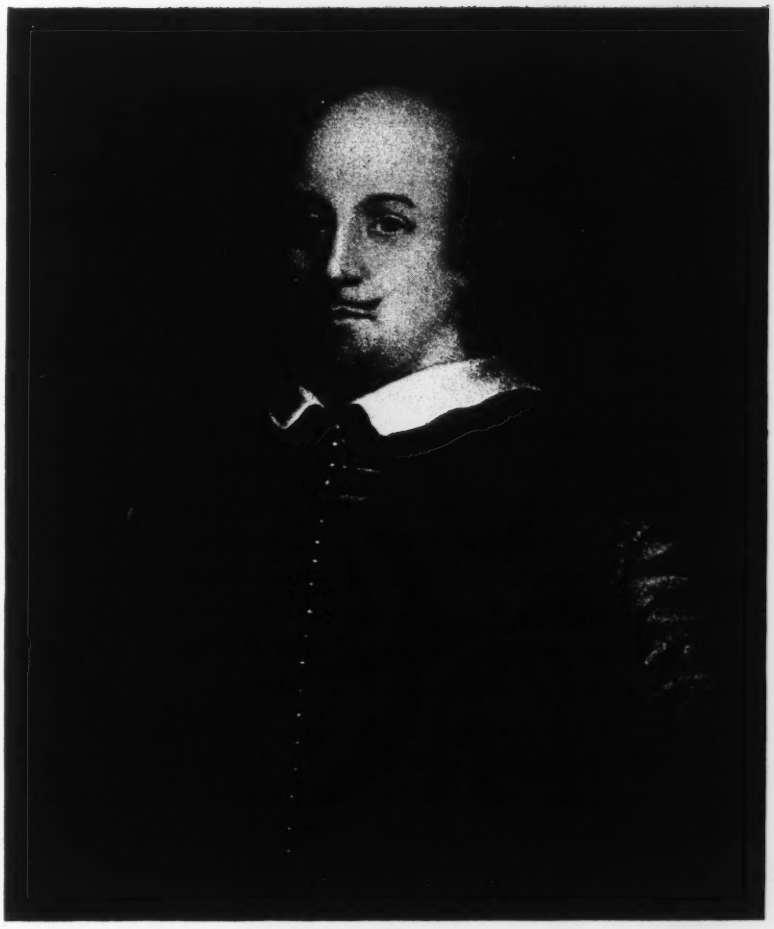
One of the best judgments of Shakespeare I know is contained in Mr. W. T. Young's Primer. It is useless to deny that there are blemishes, spots on the sun of Shakespeare, though there are foolish worshippers who seek to deny it. It is true enough in the main, as Vauvenargues points out, that the greatest works of human wit have often the biggest faults. The snow peaks have arid wastes around them long before you get to the pleasant foothills and the smiling valleys. In much of Shakespeare's work, though not generally in his best, there is a tendency to archaism and obscurantism. He tortures language, heaps up unilluminating metaphor, puts eloquence upon the rack of rhetoric, dramatic fitness on the thumbscrew of punning repartee. The quip seems to have the same malignant power over his mind that an epigram has upon that of George Meredith. He forgets the transitoriness of the topical witticism, the prosperity of which seldom outlives the memory of a single season. He mingles character, realism and fantastic plot to an extent which perplexes us entirely. The critics make the mistake in every age of ascribing to the authors aims of which they were entirely innocent. Shakespeare did not compose his dramas for posterity. He never published his plays. He desired for his pieces a short life but a merry one. The chief utility of an old play in his eyes was the material it offered for the manufacture of a new one. The prosperity of a play culminates at the moment when the playwright's revision of it has reached its final stage and when the actors' interpretation of it attains its highest point of perfection. Shakespeare, it may be readily believed, anticipated little satisfaction from the idea of being studied by professors and literary anatomists in future ages. He derived his pleasure from the enthusiasm or, if he could compass it, the ecstasy of the benches and galleries, the noisy elation of the groundlings, and the swollen receipts of the box office. Sir Henry Irving had a theory that he played parts like the ghost in "Hamlet" so that he could go down in the interval and assure himself on these points. In short, he wrote for the theatre of his own day. The complicated conventions of the Elizabethan drama, the sketchiness of the scenery and the fact that the actors played not in a kind of picture frame but on an "apron" stage encircled by auditors and spectators, postponed verisimilitude to declamation and demonstrative action. The people present wanted their pleasure during the two hours of actual performance. They did not want to read about it next day. They looked for dramatic intensity and emotion, they wanted to feel for themselves, not to have the coherence, the plausibility or the psychological unity of the characters adjudged by an expert critic and detective of dramatic artifice. Shakespeare knew his audiences and his actors thoroughly. The actors wanted the latest and most currently effective type of part for themselves and for the leading boys whom they had to train—apt apprentices.

The audience were not looking out for fragments of character to fit into a jig-saw puzzle as elaborately modelled as a character in a modern novel. To both audience and actors the playwright made concessions often detrimental to his work as a printed dramatist. Shakespeare had none of the iron self-restraint or deliberate economy and self-sacrifice of the conscious artist. He cared little for formal completeness or for perfect unity of effect; and he rarely consented to subordinate all his detail to his main design. The plays in which he approximated most to this concentration, such as "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet" (to a considerable extent), "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado," are commonly deemed now to be among his best stage pieces. In an ordinary way Shakespeare was diverted perpetually from conscious artistry by his practical stage instinct. If an episode or character did not rouse his imagination he wrote well enough for his audience and was content. He sought to please his contemporaries who preferred the animation of diversified existence to the realism of logical consistency by the means that came readiest to his hand. Keep in view Shakespeare's instruments and his audience and you will realise his almost miraculous power of making his public co-operate with him, giving them of his best and thereby quite unconsciously doing his best by Art and Posterity.

Shakespeare's faults were not like those of Webster and Marlowe, the reverse side of inherent greatnesses, but were more or less inseparable from the local and immediate conditions of the *milieu* in which he worked. He wrote for a romantic stage upon which the illusion of verisimilitude counted for copper; but his greatness may be established by a fourfold test. First by his creating of character; no other writer has peopled the earth with so large and diverse a company, haunting the memory and appealing to the affections—Chaucer, Cervantes, Sterne, Balzac, Hugo and Dickens approach perhaps most nearly. Secondly by the sanity, loftiness and manliness of his morality, stoic in the main but inspired by sympathy, widely tolerant of frailty and exuberance, never of calculated evil, calling in very little of transcendental support or metaphysical aid at any great crisis. We may fairly say that Shakespeare sought for the highest expressions of the normal in humanity. Perfected types of the normal that is: the abnormal, the bestial, the morbid, he is willing to leave latent, the mediocrity of ordinary or lower middle normal he cares little about. Mediocrity may be complex, or tragic, or pathetic, but Shakespeare prefers the complexity of a Hamlet, the pathos of Imogen, the tragedy of Lear. The man who is dull but not dull enough to be laughable, the man whose summed virtues make up respectability, whose actions are reducible to fear, who can neither dare nor enjoy freely, is not a subject of Shakespeare's art. Thirdly, by his dramatic power in situation and emotion, whether in history, comedy or tragedy. In the great tragedies, notwithstanding defects in the fable, this intensity of power has hardly ever been approached. Fourthly, by his poetic gift, his command of rhythm, of imagery and the sense of the inner charm of words. These four notes can be set down very simply for all the world to test: characterisation, morale, dramaturgy, poetry. Shakespeare's fondness for buffo and bravura, his irresistible impulse to drag in a fine passage, a lover's parting, a dawn song, a panoramic account of the ages of man, a description of Robin Goodfellow or of Queen Mab's coach, the pleading of a tender prince that his eyes may be spared by his executioner—this strong determination to florid ornament must be set down to the taste of the age and the postulates of a drama in which fine words notably elocuted counted for more relatively by far than at the present day. A piece could not then be salvaged by a curtain, for there was no curtain. The interval then between one act and another was marked commonly by a rhymed couplet in which the sense was not unlikely to be sacrificed to the sound. In his fondness for the artificialities of the day, the extravagant compliment, the purple patch, the rhyming couplet, the indelicate double meaning, Shakespeare shows us how little universal he really is. His love of authority and contempt for the mutable rank-scented many are essentially Tudor and the-country-in-danger-from-Spain sentiments. Shakespeare's power then and now is largely a corollary of the fact that he was so perfect a representative of his age and country. Like every very great writer Shakespeare had an energetic people behind him. While uttering supremely what he himself thinks and feels he is at the same time uttering what is felt and thought most signally by the vividest minds among his contemporaries. He lived at the great, the greatest epoch of exfoliation in our history. For good and ill England was branching out in hundreds of new directions and departing from the ruts and traditions

Shakespeare.

The statue in Westminster Abbey.



From portrait in the Birthplace.

Shakespeare.

"This portrait of Shakespeare, after having been in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, Town Clerk of Stratford upon Avon, and his family for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins, of London, and being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford upon Avon to be placed and preserved in Shakespeare's House."—*Inscription under Painting in the Birthplace.*

of old ways, old currents of thought, old alliances and antique forms of utterance and expression. Shakespeare was not a great innovator in thought or a diver in the deep waters of spiritual truth. *Ondoyant et divers* like old Montaigne he was a reflector of the Sagesse et Destinée of antiquity. Like Montaigne, he borrowed old material very freely and he began rather as an adapter of other men's work. In the early plays, as in the early essays, we see the apprentice faggotting up of divers pieces with bands of his own devising. Gradually both mine deeply in the rich deposits of human character, though it is true that the Frenchman had little capacity for the comprehension and motive of the great passions which sweep like mountain blasts through the grander scenery of Shakespeare. The bitter disillusionment of Troilus, the self-torturing of Hamlet, the agony of Lear, the fall of Coriolanus like the crash of some storm-resisting oak, the opening heaven of woman's love, the conflict, the schemes, the sacrifice, the fears, the tenderness, the pity of the master-plays—these things are not for Master Montaigne. When his activities were at their highest degree of potency Shakespeare was capable of transfiguring every ounce of material that he borrowed and raising it to an incredibly higher power. He was indeed a phrase magician, a master of language and a word-master of supreme endowment. As was I think the case with our greatest prose-masters, Scott and Swift, and perhaps Bunyan, his art was consistently more of the subconscious than the self-conscious order. His literary work, conceived as he pursued a round of avocations that would have monopolised the energy of an ordinary successful man of talent, must have found expression and taken form without extraordinary elaboration, with a perfectly amazing rapidity. He was evidently a man of the world, of business and pleasure, and no undistinguished suitor of the favours and benefits of the highest in the land. His Atlas load of brain power and the brain activity which it necessitated he bore apparently without a single groan of self-pity. To the exhaustion incident upon preliminary labours, which has sterilised so many men of first-rate literary talent, he was obviously a stranger. Of the seclusion which so many deem indispensable to the performance of rigorous intellectual labour he was manifestly oblivious. The *daimon* (referred to in the epitaph *Genio Socratem*) which prompted him to work of such quantity and quality must have been cogent indeed. As with Sir Walter Scott or Napoleon, the ostensible pretext (even to himself) for an amount of effort that may well seem almost superhuman was the alleged necessity of building up a property, an ancestral mansion or an empire in each case for phantom heirs to inherit. In each case, in strict reality, the work must have been its own stimulus and its achievement the main, truly substantial reward. As in the case of Scott, we have contemporary evidence which seems to us to point decisively to Shakespeare's exceptional sociability and to the sweetness and serenity of his temper. Apart from his work, however, there is no necessity for believing that Shakespeare was in the ordinary traffic of human intercourse (any more than Scott) a preternaturally brilliant man. Fuller's brilliant word picture of Ben Jonson as conversationally a solid high built Spanish galleon and Shakespeare as a trim English man of war taking advantage of every wind and sailing round and round his adversary by sheer quickness of wit and invention was, we must remember, a purely imaginary one printed after the restoration in 1660. Had Shakespeare really excelled so greatly in conversation as his great contemporary Jonson or Ben's still more illustrious namesake, the incomparable Doctor of a later age, we could hardly have failed to have specific reference to such a talent. Ben Jonson, for instance, in his "Timber" (published in 1641) in which he so cordially praised his old rival as honest and of an open nature, a man to be loved and his memory honoured on this side of idolatry, never thinks of comparing him as a talker with Bacon, whose discourse was such that a hearer could not cough or look aside from him without loss. In Shakespeare's case, as in that of so many typical men of letters, we are prepared to believe that the faculty of expression was by a subtle alchemy transmuted, and the man himself transfigured as it were in the alembic of composition.

Shakespeare in the final analysis emerges an utterly impersonal author about whose incarnation we have no sure testimony insulated in a main of bibliography; he is shrouded in mists at the summit—a peak of Teneriffe. We can read almost any amount we like about Shakespeare's evolution as a dramatic artist; of Shakespeare as the greatest exponent of the Amorist school of poets; of the apocryphal plays said to be in part written by him; of the forged documents falsely ascribed to his initiative; of his efficiency as humourist, sportsman, lawyer, lyrist, Protestant, Catholic, Grecian and Trojan, prose-master and metrist, spiritualist and materialist, soldier and sailor, realist and romanticist.

But when we want to tear the veil away from Shakespeare the man, we find ourselves confronted with litigation and deeds of conveyance, musty parchments bearing alleged but illegible signatures and sepulchral monuments, considerably disfigured or discredited by the sophisticated hand of the so-called restorer. Legend itself is almost consistently frugal, and the most exhaustive of the bard's biographers admits that he is sorry, but that he has been through it all and that all our efforts to immortalise a personal Shakespeare are bound to be frustrated. The dramatic work is essentially impersonal and fails to betray the author's idiosyncrasies. The "Sonnets" which alone of his literary work have been widely credited with self-portraiture, give a potent illusion of genuine introspection, but they rarely go farther in the way of autobiography than to illustrate the poet's readiness to accept the conventional bonds which attached a poet to a great patron. His literary practices and aims were those of contemporary men of letters, and the difference in the quality of his work and theirs was due to no conscious endeavour on his part to act otherwise than they, but to the magic and involuntary working of his genius. He seemed unconscious of his marvellous superiority to his professional comrades. This may help to explain his undoubted popularity among them. Shakespeare's own most popular and most famous character "Hamlet" is a chameleon. No two critics have interpreted him alike. Some maintain that Hamlet inculcates the superiority of action over reflection, others that it represents the primeval hero *vis à vis* with Christianity, others that it is a drama of event and means nothing, others that the piece is a sort of charade meaning *Ham let* or

prevented from calling itself Bacon. The puzzle is to find Shakespeare here or in Falstaff, Iago, Laertes or Lady Macbeth. Some hold that he must have been a woman.

The Shakespeare Death-Mask.

Discovered by Dr. Le Becker in 1849 at Mayence, inscribed with the date 1616. The chief measurements agree with the bust in Stratford Church. It is possible this is the mask used by Gerard Johnson for that effigy. The mask is now in the Ducal Palace at Darmstadt.

An unquestionable characteristic of Shakespeare's art is its impersonality. The plain and positive references in the plays to Shakespeare's personal experiences, either at Stratford-on-Avon or London, are rare and fragmentary, and nowhere else can we point with confidence to any autobiographic revelations. "As a dramatist Shakespeare lay under the obligation of investing a great crowd of characters with all phases of sentiment and passion, and no critical test has yet been found whereby to disentangle Shakespeare's personal feelings or opinions from these which he imputes to the creatures of his dramatic wand. It was contrary to Shakespeare's dramatic aim to label or catalogue in drama his private sympathies or antipathies. The most psychological of English poets and a dramatic artist of no mean order, Robert Browning, bluntly declared that Shakespeare ne'er so little at any point in his work 'left his bosom's gate ajar.' Even in the "Sonnets" lyric emotion seemed to Browning to be transfused by dramatic instinct. It is possible to deduce from his plays a broad practical philosophy which is alive with an active moral sense. But we seek in vain for any self-evident revelation of personal experience of emotion or passion." This seems a balanced statement as judicial as well informed. Shakespeare who has transmitted so many live characters to us has left out his own. By a happy turn he managed to reconcile two things generally regarded as incompatible—general recognition from the public and complete privacy for himself. We cannot attach ourselves to his memory as we do to that of an Oliver Goldsmith or a Charles Lamb. He may have been as pious as Wordsworth, as serenely Olympian as Goethe or as naughty as Byron. We celebrate him to-day not as being or having been the manner of man he was, for as to that we are uncertain, but as having been the author who of all others, say we, with some justifiable pride, has done the most to celebrate human nature.

ON THE ART OF WRITING.*

By T. E. Page.

THIS book will please every reader, but its title may well confuse a critic. His own sins, he feels, are about to be brought to light, and at any moment he may find himself no longer in the judgment-seat but at the bar, no longer a critic but a criminal. There are so many things he may be guilty of. He may be indicted for using "Jargon" or "Journalese," for the "vice" of "choosing woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones," or for writing—and what erring mortal might not so lapse?—such a sentence as "The difficulty in Professor M's case arose in connexion with the view he holds relative to the historical value of Genesis," which contains, it appears, no less than three separate offences.

Happily, however, for the reviewer Sir A. Quiller-Couch has the delightful gift of being discursive. And it is well, perhaps, that he should be so. For indeed one may know all that Aristotle and Cicero, Horace and Quintilian, have said about the use of words without getting to the root of the matter in the least, and except in its rudiments the "Art of Writing" can by no possibility be taught. You may give hints and warnings, you may hold up this passage to scorn and that to admiration, you may point out this device or that, but to write well demands something which no lecture or text-book can impart. Noble thoughts come only from a noble soul, and wise words proceed only from the lips of the wise. *Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur*, and assuredly it cannot be otherwise. Without truth of feeling and some reality of knowledge there can be no "memorable speech," and when the Professor bids his hearers "practice verse and practice it assiduously," because the Romans, "who were a practical people, deliberately and steadily directed their educational system toward the development of poetical talent," he certainly forgets that, from the moment when the system was introduced, Latin poetry persistently deteriorated, until its utterance became only that of sounding brass or of a tinkling cymbal. And when he uses the phrase "Art of Writing," what is it that he means? Has he taken full account of its ambiguity? For "writing" as far as it is concerned with the just choice of words, with their orderly disposition and the like, can certainly be taught, and the practice of "composition" forms, as every schoolmaster knows, a necessary part of mental training. But between the Art of Composition and that Art of Writing, with which alone a Professor of Literature has to do, the distinction is profound. Never was there such a multitude of "writers" as there is to-day. The "disease of scribbling" (*scribendi cacoethes*), which Juvenal lamented, has too many of us already in its grip to call for much artificial fostering. But to good writing, in the true sense of the words, to the making of "a good book," there must still go "the precious life-blood of a master

* "On the Art of Writing." By Sir A. Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII.'s Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: The University Press.)

spirit," and to the quickening of such a spirit in our youth no technical Art of Writing can contribute anything whatever.

And that this is so the Professor seems to have a sort of "subliminal consciousness," for he is perpetually diverging from his main theme, as, for instance, when he devotes four lectures out of twelve to the "Lineage of English Literature" and to its treatment in English Universities. He takes infinite pains to show that a poem called "Beowulf" has no claim to be the fountain-head of English poetry, and that the opposite theory is "a falsehood grafted upon our text-books by Teutonic and Teutonising professors," while he adds—in somewhat curious language—that "its run . . . in small educational manuals has been in its way a triumph of pedagogic *réclame*." And then he goes on to urge that not only in our literature but also in our breeding that which is best in us is Latin in its origin. Let "ethnologists" think what they will, "I hazard," he says, "that the most important thing in our blood is that drop of the imperial murex we have derived from Rome." But what on earth has all this—and there is a vast amount of it—to do with "writing?" No one ever wrote one whit better or one whit worse because of "Beowulf." Neither blue blood nor Norman blood gives nobility to poetry or to prose, and even the conviction that a drop of some strange shell-fish, known apparently as *Murex Imperialis*, is somehow in our veins seems little likely to benefit our literature.

But, in fact, these discourses deal only incidentally with the Art of Writing. They are far rather a happy illustration of the Art of Lecturing. Professors, as every one knows, unless they afford help for examinations, are apt to find their audiences scant, and the Professor of English Literature wisely determined that his first business was to get hearers. He digresses because those the dull road would weary will often follow along pleasant bypaths, above all if the guide has the gift of apt speech and a certain graceful versatility. And "Q," as one would anticipate, is both apt and versatile. Take the lecture which is called "inaugural," and you will find that, without being solemn, it is wholly congruous with that stately epithet. There is no need to read the words "Mr. Vice-Chancellor" in order to be sensible of that august presence, and such a bit as this—"But in English Literature you have at once an Empire and an Emprise; in that alone you have inherited something greater than Sparta; let us strive, each in his little way, to adorn it"—conjures up a picture of grave dons whispering to themselves Σπάρταν ἐλαχες ταύταν κόσμει and appraising the paronomasia in the fine scales of academic judgment. But when, later on, the speaker begins, "Some of you whose avocations call them, from time to time, to Newmarket," or urges that we should use plain words and boldly repeat them, by saying "in literature as in life he makes himself felt who not only calls a spade a spade but has the pluck to double spades and to re-double"—then you feel at once that the Vice-Chancellor has disappeared and that the undergraduate who, despite the injunction to "call a spade a spade," was in the first lecture "our Euphues, our gracefully minded youth," is now being addressed less by a Professor than by "an Elder Brother." And it is just because the speaker not only claims that title but acts up to it that these lectures are remarkable. He does not admonish, he does not dogmatise, and, though throned in a "chair," he does not pronounce *ex cathedra*, but he charms and he entices. He jests and he jibes—some will think too freely—he flits from one theme to another, but somehow he everywhere attracts. Indeed as one reads him, one can hardly fail to repeat:

> "And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

In those lines Goldsmith, with his unerring simplicity and truth, makes clear the mystery of all good teaching, and, although his name—surely one of the greatest in our literature—is not to be found in the long list of writers contained in the Index to this volume, yet its author may, perhaps, accept the poet's words as a just tribute to his own work. For his effort everywhere is, as Plato puts it, to "give wings" to the soul, and, knowing that there is a "law of Adrastus" which forbids a soul to become "winged" otherwise than "by fellowship with the immortals," he lures us, under a hundred pretexts, into their high society. Whatever his theme, he brings to its illustration something of poetry or prose such as aptly quoted, admirably judged, and, one imagines, nobly uttered, stirs and uplifts at once the intelligence and the heart, while, above all, it is to the English Bible that he makes his most constant appeal. 'Does it not strike you as queer," he says to the undergraduates, "that the people who 'set you courses' in English Literature never include the Authorised Version?" And indeed it is not only "queer" but it amazes. For whoever will consider the matter will surely find that if there is to-day so much writing which shuffles, as it were, slipshod over the ground, which never has the strength or spirit to soar venturously into upper air, one chief cause is that we have lost our old familiar intimacy with our English Bible. For our forefathers it was almost "the one book," but now the mass of printed matter has all but overwhelmed it, and the "art of writing," like all else, suffers for the neglect of our birthright. Turn where you will among the great writers of the past and you will find its influence everywhere, and, as he recalls some of the chief names in that great roll, this is how the lecturer proceeds: "It is in everything we see, hear, feel, because it is in us, in our blood." But is it indeed so? Is what was true in the past true also in the present? Assuredly few of us could give any but a halting answer to the question, and therefore both our life and our literature are beggared of their best. To make known to this generation the fullness of the riches of our great inheritance is a task, than which the occupant of a Chair in an ancient University can surely find none nobler, none more inspiring, none of more enduring benefit to our language and our race.

New Books.

LAURENCE BINYON AND OTHERS.*

Mr. Binyon is reaping the reward of a faithful apprenticeship. For twenty years he has worked lovingly at his art, bringing it gradually and steadily nearer perfection. From the very first he has had the respect of all lovers of poetry except those who only care for the more torrid or seemingly spontaneous varieties; but it was possible to find his earlier work a little cold and colourless, disappointingly less interesting than the mind which produced it would seem to warrant. Now, however, he is the master of a style at once concentrated and flexible, rich and austere, suited not only for the solemn music of the ode—and as writer of odes his place is very high—but also for swift and spirited narrative, and, indeed, for all kinds of poetry except the ultimate, quintessential lyric, the secret of which Mr. Binyon, like his closest congeners, Gray and Arnold, has never quite found out. He has, further, developed a metrical cunning which prosodic pedants would probably find very troublesome. "The Healers," for instance, in the present volume is difficult to scan; it is full of what Professor Saintsbury calls, I believe, substitutions or equivalences. Yet, read aloud, not only does it prove to be free from discord, but the subtle appropriateness of its harmonies stand revealed.

Having thus equipped himself, Mr. Binyon was ready for a great theme; and, although he is the last person whom one would accuse of desiring to set Rome a-burning that his fiddling might have an effective background, the artist in him must rejoice to have found worthy employment just when his powers are at their ripest. He has always preferred to deal with large and simple themes; the eccentric and far-fetched have never appealed to him; and, hitherto, for material for the more concrete manifestations of his art he has usually gone to legend or heroic history. But he is no antiquary; his mind is most alive to the contemporary world; but up to August, 1914, that had not afforded him matter for anything on a larger scale than "London Visions." Now, however, the large and the actual are one, and Mr. Binyon has shown himself equal to the juncture. As no one else has done, he has given adequate expression to the only possible attitude of a sane idealism; distinguishing between the honour and the heroism; giving honour where honour is due and scorn where scorn; objecting too conscientiously to Prussianism to have any conscientious objection to its crushing. The war has absorbed him; since its beginning he has published nothing and, we can well believe, has written nothing unconcerned with it. His passionate preoccupation may be seen in the poem which gives its name to his new book, "The Anvil":

"Burned from the ore's rejected dross
The iron whitens in the heat.
With plangent strokes of pain and loss
The hammers on the iron beat.
Searched by the fire, through death and dole
We feel the iron in our soul.

O dreadful Forge! If torn and bruised
The heart, more urgent comes our cry
Not to be spared but to be used,
Brain, sinew, and spirit, before we die.
Beat out the iron, edge it keen,
And shape us to the end we mean!"

The sincerity of this is obvious, but it is not a sincerity of the imagination alone. Mr. Binyon has seen to it that his prayer "to be used" should not go unanswered: he has done service in a French hospital. This experience is reflected in his beautiful poem "The Healers," and in "Fetching the Wounded," a vivid transcript of reality, but of reality seen with the quickened eyes of a poet.

"... A wave of wonder bathes my body through!
For there in the head-lamps' gloom-surrounded beam
Tall flowers spring before us, like a dream,
Each luminous little green leaf intimate
And motionless, distinct and delicate
With powdery-white bloom fresh upon the stem,
As if that clear beam had created them
Out of the darkness. Never so intense
I felt the pang of beauty's innocence,
Earthly and yet unearthly.

A sudden call!
We leap to ground, and I forget it all. . . .

Now stale odour of blood mingles with keen
Pure smell of grass and dew. Now lantern sheen
Falls on brown faces opening patient eyes
And lips of gentle answers, where each lies
Supine upon his stretcher, black of beard
Or with young cheeks; on caps and tunics smeared
And stained, white bandages round foot or head
Or arm, discoloured here and there with red. . . ."

Several writers, some of them of no mean talent, have tried to translate this experience into prose. Mr. Binyon's poetry gives us the essence of it.

Mrs. Paget sings melodiously of the "doubts and dreams and foiled desires" of a sensitive temperament, and displays a delicate feeling for nature. Her war poems express the sorrow of women, the bereft wife and the maid cheated of motherhood. "The Song of the Unborn" is a notable message of comfort and encouragement from the next junction to this.

Miss Jenkins wields a more emphatic pen. The war has stirred her to revolt against "the mystery of the cruelty of things." Her verse has no great distinction, but there is vitality and personality in it: raw material from which poetry is likely to be fashioned in the future.

Francis Bickley.

* "The Anvil." By Laurence Binyon. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Songs of the Unborn." By Georgina B. Paget. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Poems." By Elinor Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE ROUNDABOUT.*

You may sometimes hear elderly people lament that the children of this generation are not so obedient, not so entirely amenable to parental authority, as were the children of a generation or two ago; and the assertion is undoubtedly true, but whether the change is to be at all lamented is by no means so certain. There is no virtue in blind, implicit obedience, and no sensible parent will demand that; instead of so cramping and stultifying the growth of character in his children, he will prefer to see them develop naturally, contented to do no more than help in that development with such counsel as he is capable of giving. "The Roundabout" is a brilliant and suggestive study of the changes in this and other ways that have come over the domestic life of England in the last half-century. It begins in mid-Victorian days with a vividly realised picture of a typical mid-Victorian family. The father, Alfred Taylor, a wealthy middle-class gentleman, rules autocratically in his own household. His wife meekly defers to all his judgments; his three daughters walk in fear of his displeasure. He is a petty tyrant; a respectable snob, so respectably religious that he sends a peremptory note to his neighbours when he hears them playing at tennis on Sunday, but so worldly-minded and obsessed with family pride that he fiercely rejects the suitors of two of his daughters because he regards them as social inferiors, and in the end has the mortification of seeing the two girls, one of them the beauty of the

* "The Roundabout." By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

three, remain unmarried and grow into wilted, disappointed old maids.

The main interest of the story centres on Alice, the youngest daughter, who defies him, in fear and trembling, but persists in her rebellion, maintains her friendship for the daughter of a despised local tradesman, and finally, under the stern displeasure of her father, the disapproval of her orthodox sisters, but with the secret sympathy of her mother, goes off without any secrecy and marries the brother of this plebian friend, who is better educated and more of an essential gentleman than the egregious Mr. Taylor himself. And she of all her family is the only one who arrives at happiness. You leave her at last with a son and daughter of her own in whom the modern spirit of independence is vividly alive and alert, but she and her husband have learned something from the past and know that their own way of happiness is not necessarily their children's. The scene is laid in a north-country town, and the story is a comedy of character and manners in which three generations play their parts. It is an intensely interesting, a finely human story, written with the widest sympathy and understanding. There is irony in the book and the tragedy of thwarted lives, but its strong realism is leavened throughout with a delightful vein of humour and a philosophy that is as kindly as it is shrewd. "The Roundabout" is a tale for the times, and one that holds the reader by its imaginative truth to life as it is and as it used to be.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.*

Mr. Ollard's sketch is less critical than the estimate furnished by Dr. W. H. Hutton to the latest volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." He writes from the standpoint of an ardent believer in the Movement, to which he is inclined to attribute effects in all directions and against which he is unwilling to allow any charges. At the same time, he has taken pains to secure accuracy in details; there is nothing slipshod or hasty in his workmanship. He paints a grey picture of the English Church, when the movement originated. But the contrast is too highly coloured. It is not fair to take Dickens and Jane Austen as "good evidence" for the clergy. "Quite certainly none of the party at Dingley Hall dreamt of a Celebration of the Holy Communion as part of the Christmas morning service to which they went." Quite as certainly, this is a narrow type of criticism. Mr. Ollard, however, has not said all that he might have said about the casual habits of the episcopate. He mildly objects to Bishop Watson of Llandaff for being non-resident and for a worldly devotion to agriculture. But he has either forgotten or mercifully passed over de Quincey's description of the said Bishop. "He talked openly, at his own table, as a Socinian; ridiculed the miracles of the New Testament, which he professed to explain as so many chemical tricks, or cases of legerdemain; and certainly had as little of devotional feeling as any man that ever lived." There is more, but this will be enough to show that, in this sphere of clerical life, the Church of England was all the better for the stirring of the Oxford Movement. Mr. Ollard spends special time on the ceremonial revival, but he analyses the origin, rise, and influence of the movement as a whole, the least adequate aspect of the study being the theological. The handbook is equipped with some excellent photographs, and it has been written evidently from a thorough acquaintance with the documents. Mr. Ollard's pages will not add much to the knowledge of the inner history of the movement. But they will bring home to the reader afresh the heroism and devotion which inspired many of this party, the opposition which they had to face from fellow-members of their Church, and the undoubted services which directly and indirectly they rendered to the revival of Christianity in last century. At one period the movement threatened to break the Anglican Church. Eventually, it worked out its aims within that organisation. It altered as it advanced, but that is rather to its credit, for the alterations were not corrections of a cut and dry programme but the readjustment of a vital force to its environment. Mr. Ollard is probably right in holding that the supreme attraction of the study is that it teaches the reader "never to be afraid to take the unpopular or what seems to be the beaten side; never to despair of God's Church nor of the Truth." This, at any rate, is the moral which he has intended to draw. The story of the movement has other lessons, less inspiring lessons. But, for those who share Mr. Ollard's ecclesiastical position, this reading is justifiable.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

* "A Short History of the Oxford Movement." By S. L. Ollard. 4s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE WAR.*

Those who consider that Russia was once the hereditary enemy of Sweden and that the Tzardom has of recent times helped to keep this tradition of hostility alive by its activities in the Baltic and by its ruthless Russification of Finland will not have been surprised by the proposals made some two years ago for a defensive alliance against the Eastern empire of the two great Scandinavian powers; will only smile at the furious pro-German propaganda now being carried on by Dr. Sven Hedin, regarding it as symptomatic of that excessive deference to potentates which besets so many a traveller and explorer; and will be devoutly thankful to Heaven that Sweden has up to now declined to depart from her neutrality and to throw in her lot with the Central Powers. But if our acknowledgments are due to the State for refraining from assuming a hostile attitude towards us and our allies, still more should we be grateful to one of its most famous savants and publicists, Dr. Anton Nyström, for taking up the cudgels on our behalf in the masterly pamphlet which he entitles, "Before, During, and After 1914." An American would have *wished* to give as impartial an account of the causes of the great conflict as Dr. Nyström has in fact compiled; but he would have been hampered by the circumstance that he was born transatlantic, and so lacked that knowledge of the history and of the traditions of the Old World that is all essential to the proper carrying out of such an undertaking. The Swedish author, on the other hand, being "a good European," has an almost instinctive acquaintance with the records of the various combatant powers, and knows what each of them has contributed to the art, the science, and the literature of the world. Moreover, being a Scandinavian, and consequently having always looked upon Germany as his "spiritual home," a confession of former allegiance which he feels bound to make, Dr. Nyström runs no suspicion of being regarded as an interested partisan or a facile renegade. His then is no *à priori* affection for the Allies or hostility to the Central Powers. He condemns the Germans only after sifting all the evidence that can be adduced in support and in refutation of the various counts of the indictment. After an initial discourse on Racialism, its shortcomings and dangers, and a couple of chapters in which he examines the question of the early distribution of the Slavs and of the Germans, the author grapples immediately with his subject. He traces the rise and significance of Germanism, dating it from Fichte's "Message to the German People" of 1808, denouncing it as "a Chauvinism without parallel in the world's history," and revealing the fact that many of its prophets, Bismarck, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and even Luther, were of Slav or Wendish descent, and that Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and Wagner were all Jews. He next shows how the successive wars with Denmark, with Austria, and with France were deliberately engineered by Bismarck, and how brutally Prussia has oppressed its Polish and its Danish subjects.

* "Before, During, and After 1914." By Anton Nyström. Translated by H. G. de Walterstorff. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Memoirs of M. Thiers, 1870–1873." Translated by F. M. Atkinson. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

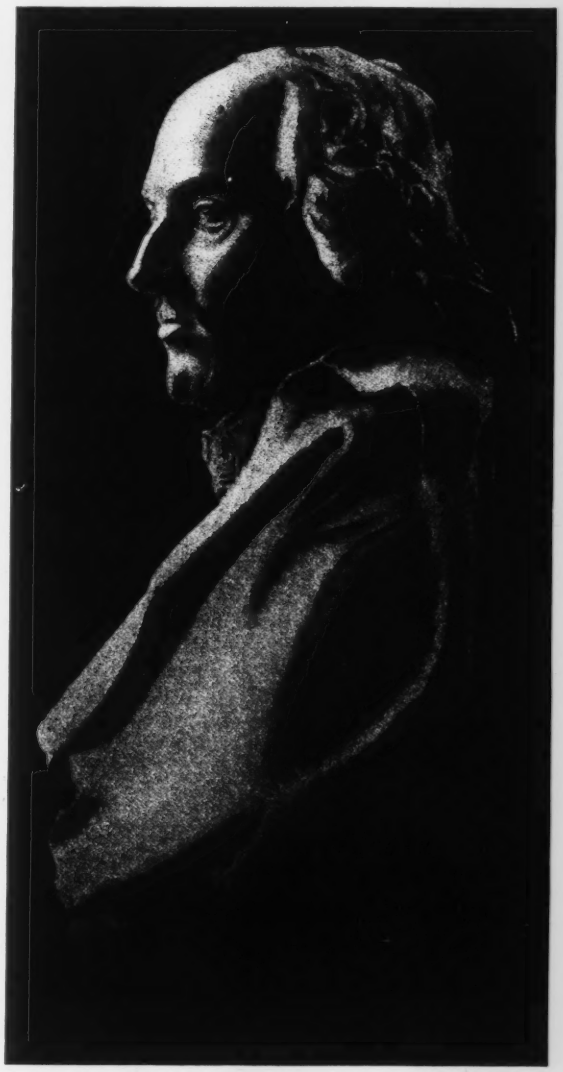
He further points out how the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the upsetting of the Treaty of San Stefano by the Treaty of Berlin were the ultimate causes of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the main cause of the monstrous spread of militarism in Europe, and one of the causes of the World War of 1914. He demonstrates quite clearly from an examination of the various White, Grey, Blue, and Red books, that Germany and Austria were irrevocably resolved on provoking war at the beginning of August, 1914. He insists that ever since the Thirty Years War (1618–1648), when it was "a favourite sport among the soldiery to impale little children on the points of their lances, dash them against walls, or roast them in the ovens," "frightfulness" has been the favourite weapon of German warfare. And he lays it down as incontrovertible, despite the fact that before the war the German colonies contained less than 25,000 Germans, that the only way of preventing a renewal of the world struggle when peace is signed is by restoring her colonies to Germany, by encouraging emigration of Germans to them on a large scale, and by the preaching of a neo-Malthusian propaganda which shall bring about a considerable reduction of the German birth-rate. A country, the ruler of which offers to stand as godfather to every eighth child, be it of rich or of poor parents, is surely in need of some training in eugenics! Failing some such training Dr. Nyström foresees either a fresh war, which will probably take place in ten years' time, or a revolution in which German Socialists and Republicans will slaughter and be slaughtered by the million. And these are not the views of a man who suffers from cramped sympathies or a merely local outlook. In the course of his medical studies Dr. Nyström has visited Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. He introduced Positivism into his native land, and has delivered lectures all over Sweden on the philosophy of Comte. He founded Working Men's Institutes in Stockholm which were so successful and were recognised as so beneficial that they were subventioned first by the city and eventually by the State. And fourteen years ago he visited Alsace and Lorraine, and in a volume which was published simultaneously in Swedish, French and German, proposed as a means of establishing a settled peace between France and Germany the return of the provinces to France in exchange for the cession to Germany of some of the French colonies. By the way, those who would like to see how in the autumn of 1870 M. Thiers toured the neutral capitals of Europe—London, Petersburg, Vienna, and Florence—in the vain hope of trying to induce Gladstone, Gortchakow, Beust, Andrassy, and Visconti-Venosta to try to obtain easier peace-terms for France and subsequently wrestled hard with Bismarck to prevent the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, should on no account overlook Mr. F. M. Atkinson's translation of M. Thiers' "Memoirs." They will find it of peculiar and engrossing interest.

W. A. L. B.

THE WILL TO SUCCESS.*

It is amazing how some people get on in the world. They seem to do no more than make up their minds to do something or other, and straightway they do it. And from one success they proceed as a matter of course to the next. They may come up against the most difficult obstacle, but the obstacle is obviously there for them to surmount it. And surmount it they do. They possess the will to success. There is something very fascinating about a career of this kind, particularly when the obstacles are more difficult than usual. You want so much to know how it is done. Take, for instance, the case of the little bounder Jevons, of whom Miss May Sinclair has so much to tell us in her new novel. There is no possible doubt about James Tasker Jevons being a bounder. When he first came to London as a sporting reporter without money, he knew nothing at all, but had the superbest confidence in himself and his powers. He mapped out a programme for himself. It was rather an ambitious programme, and included, amongst other things, the writing of novels that should be translated into all European languages and plays that should be performed at every available theatre. It also came to include a wife who belonged to another class than his own, a class which, to his mind, became definitely labelled as "Canterbury." Moreover, he gave himself so many months to surmount each obstacle as it arose. Very little indeed was in his favour: his personal appearance, to say the least of it, was undistinguished, his accent and language were impossible, and Viola Thesiger, whose father was a Canon at Canterbury, had little, if anything, in common with himself. Moreover, the obstacle of Viola was made more difficult by the fact that there was a rival, one Furnival, who gives us the real story of his friend. Furnival and Viola nearly got married themselves. The whole Thesiger family would have liked nothing better; but this little Jevons persisted in intruding his grotesque personality, and this led to one of those peculiar affairs which sometimes lead to tragedy and always to scandal. Tasker Jevons and Miss Viola were seen together in Belgium. Poor Furnival hurried off to Bruges—this was some twelve years ago, when Belgium was its own fair self—and found the two innocently admiring a belfry. He succeeded in sending the girl back to Canterbury, and for a while you are prepared to believe that even to Tasker Jevons the fates

* "Tasker Jevons: The Real Story." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)



Shakespeare.
From a copy of the Davenant bust.

will be sometimes unkind. Furnival proposed marriage for the third time, but shortly afterwards was obliged to record that his beloved Viola had unaccountably become Mrs. Jevons.

Thenceforth success succeeded success. Jevons wrote an account of the Belgian tour and achieved European renown. He wrote novels and plays, and the tiny house in Hampstead was changed for another in Kensington. Finally he migrated with his huge income to Mayfair, and when Furnival, now married to Viola's sister, came to the housewarming, he found the great novelist in the centre of the absurdest Tudor hall. This Tudor horror caused trouble, for it showed Viola that the bounder in her husband had not altogether disappeared, and the trouble increased on the return from India of Viola's officer brother, very decidedly "Canterbury" and devoted to his sister. He had met Jevons years before and been amused by his chatter, but as a brother-in-law the fellow could not be recognised. And so came the final obstacle. It was not enough that Jevons should enjoy his huge income and his European reputation and even the love of his wife: he must definitely become "Canterbury" and be received by this haughty brother-in-law on terms of equality. And it is then that you realise in full why Miss Sinclair has been careful of her dates. Jevons had always belonged to that small band of patriots who foretold a war against Germany, and when it came, it succeeded, beyond all expectation, in bridging the growing gulf between him and his wife. The little man, for all his physical funk, and for all the various obstacles put in his way, succeeded at last in getting to the front as a member of the Belgian Red Cross. There followed the one incident in his career which possibly strains your credulity, for, after unheard-of exertions in the beautiful motor-car which in England had never been used if the roads were wet, little Jevons rescued from death Captain Reggie, and returned to England without his right hand, but definitely "Canterbury" at last.

So much for the story, which itself is a little triumph of technique. It is in the character of Jevons himself that Miss Sinclair surpasses herself. It may be that you will be reminded of somebody in real life, but that does not matter. For all his absurdities, his little innocences, his egotism, you cannot but love him. It is not difficult to understand Viola's devotion, yet Miss Sinclair never forgets to point out just where it is strained. There is no caricature in her book, and her own fine work in Belgium has stood her in good stead for the final descriptions of war. Just possibly "Tasker Jevons" may be the most successful of all her books, and that means a great deal.

Ralph Straus.

FAITH TRESILION.*

A transfer from Devon to Cornwall in Mr. Phillpotts's case is rather like the transition of the Primroses from the blue bed to the brown. The landscape is ruggeder, the speech also, and the characters more emphasised in their diversity than ever, but the voice is the voice of Eden, and there is no mistaking the prescription in the way of plot. In this case the reader's interest is pinned to a smuggler's daughter who attaches her affections to an exciseman with a chivalrous bent, and we are never left unreminded that Faith, like Desdemona, here perceives a divided duty. Her case is all the more trying because although her father has perished at the adventurous game, and at the hands of the excise, too, her brother keeps the business and the lugger going, and if he were ever in two minds about it, his widowed mother would have kept him up to it. This bedful of decrepitude and corpulence is what Sheridan would have called a "weather-beaten she-dragon," but any attempt to label her seems tame in comparison with her own objurgative volubility. In the resources of epithet and metaphorical abuse, she only requires one or two obvious ingredients to rank as Elizabethan, and though there is over much of this savage verbosity of hers, it is certain to tickle the palate of jaded novel-readers. Far better, to our taste, is Faith herself, in her family loyalty, her gay self-possession, her maidenly independence under a bombardment of eligible offers, and her power of ruse and resource when the duel between her brother and her betrothed arrives at a climax. Long before that, however, the tide of action sets in hard and fast, and there is no cessation of excitement or invention. The eccentrics claim a rather large indulgence as Cornish folk, but the folk-lore and the quaintly-conceited diction keep our appreciation alive; and as for the descriptive and narrative chapters, they are equal to anything Mr. Phillpotts has done, for sheer vividness and life. There is a description of a ship of the line of Nelson's time, fitting out and in full sail, and this must surely take a place in any anthology of our sea-prose in future. It only remains to say that the emotional and romantic veins are well blended throughout the story, and the book answers in every way to the demands of most readers for a good, exciting, healthy novel as an anodyne for war-time.

J. P. C.

* "Faith Tresilion." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

IN SLUMS AND SOCIETY.*

Canon Adderley describes his book in a sub-title as "Reminiscences of Old Friends," and certainly he tells you very much more of his friends than he does of himself; wherefore it is fortunate that his friends have been some of the most distinguished in the religious, literary, art and social circles of his time. There are interesting glimpses of his own crowded and strenuous career, but he treats his personal achievements lightly, even flippantly sometimes, and is keener to give credit to others than to take it to himself for any good work in which he had a share. We who are middle-aged remember when he was popularly known as Father Adderley, concerned with strikes and labour troubles, toiling in lower London for the spiritual and material betterment of the poor of the East End, and rebuked in some quarters for introducing ritualistic practices into his church service and for carrying the cross in processions about the streets. The artistic side of religion appealed to him strongly, but he attached no importance to the form except in so far as it helped him to disseminate the spirit. He owns that his father used to dismiss all his ritualism as "dramatic instinct," and adds, "I am not sure that he was not right," for in his early days he was an ardent and successful amateur actor.

His reminiscences are divided into six chapters, in which he successively records his ecclesiastical career, his associations with the stage, his literary adventures (chief among which was perhaps the publication of that striking and widely-read Socialistic story, "Stephen Remarx"), his work as a Socialist, his opinions of men he has known and things he believes or disbelieves in, and, in the last, a fund of miscellaneous jests and anecdotes which he boldly labels "Chestnuts."

But he scatters humorous stories liberally through all his pages, and expresses his opinions everywhere with a delightful and daring frankness on all manner of prominent people living and dead. He has a genius for friendship, and is as generously enthusiastic in admiring the high qualities of his contemporaries as he is incorrigible in laughing at their foibles. It gives some idea of the range and variety of his reminiscences to note that his friends and acquaintances include or included Archbishop Temple and Keir Hardie ("the grandest figure in the Labour Movement"); Canon Scott Holland and Oscar Wilde; Bishop Ingram and Irving; Dean Inge and Ben Tillett. There is not a touch of smugness about him; his charity is wider than the wideness of the sea, but you would not call it charity because he wouldn't; he is never unjust

* "In Slums and Society." By James Adderley, Hon. Canon of Birmingham. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

to anybody but himself, and the one thing you do not gather from his book is an adequate idea of his self-sacrificing services in helping to make the dark places of London less dark than they were. Apart from that we have nothing but praise for it—it is an admirable, gossipy chronicle, full of capital anecdotes, and of a breezy, genial spirit of humour and human kindliness.

A. St. J. A.

OUR DEBT TO RUSSIA.*

Dr. Charles Sarolea is one of the few writers in English who take a European view of men and things. His verdict, then, on Russia, the vast halting place between East and West, is one of peculiar interest. A traveller in many countries, he possesses himself that essentially Russian gift—the genius of sympathy and comprehension. It is by no accident that it is not Russia the oppressor, but rather Russia the liberator, that stands out in his latest book. He is to be put off by none of the catch words of politics, such as: "Every nation has the Government that it deserves, and deserves the Government that it has." He distinguishes between the Russian people and that Germanised bureaucracy, whose octopus-like grip it is at last shaking off. For him the liberator of Greece, of Roumania, of Serbia, of Bulgaria, is not the all-devouring bogey that has too long been presented to naïve imaginations. Even in the crime of Poland he sees that Prussia and not Russia was the real criminal. And though he cannot accept "Autocracy, Orthodoxy, Nationality" as watchwords that will outlive "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," he knows well that Russian evolution must proceed on Russian lines, that redemption must come not from without but from within, and that a mere handful of Intellectuals, however heroic in intention, can never impose their will upon those tranquil millions for whom the "born" Tsar is still the Father of his Children.

The author is not a doctrinaire, who arranges facts to fit in with personal conclusions, but he sees in the apparently enslaved Russians an instinctively free people for whom the alliance with England and France, in the most holy war of all time, is a result of national conviction rather than of diplomatic self-interest. Prussianism has been the enemy in Russia in a far deeper sense than it has ever been with us or with the French. The Russians who have fought often enough for causes that are not their own are fighting now for principles which have long been inherent in the very soul of their race:

> "After the war those principles adapted to Russian conditions will triumph in the internal policy of the Russian Empire as they are guiding its foreign policy. It would indeed be the most tragic paradox of all human history if millions of Russian patriots had laid down their lives to conquer freedom for their Slav brethren only to be themselves denied freedom at home, and if the Russian Government were fighting for the liberty of the Balkan nationalities only to repress the legitimate aspirations of the nationalities gathered under the Russian flag."

This and not the crude thesis that "Might is Right" is the real logic of events, and Dr. Sarolea's comprehensive view of the Russians is in sympathy with that of their greatest interpreters from Gogol to Tolstoy. In regard to the actual war he foresees the repetition of Napoleon's lesson in its two phases: the invincibility of England on sea, and the invincibility of Russia on land. For the Allies, in his opinion, the best thing possible will be that vaunted march of Hindenburg against the Old and the New capital. The Russian soldier is unchanged and Russia, fighting always with monstrous certainty on the side of her children, would fling assuredly on the Teuton's path a new Borodino and a more terrible Beresina.

M. Vinogranoff's book, viewed externally, might be considered, like Dr. Sarolea's book, a series of papers rather than a homogeneous whole. But from a less superficial standpoint, it will be plain to the most casual reader that each of these quite different writers has, in a very short space, seized the essentials of what is necessary to Russian development. The author of "Self-Government in Russia" lays particular stress on the fact that the Russians are not a race of serfs, and quotes this verdict of a contemporary of Peter the Great: "The peasants do not in truth belong to the squires, they are temporarily entrusted to their rule, their only master is the Tsar." For him, as for Dr. Sarolea, it is perfectly natural that autocratic Russia should be fighting side by side with Constitutional England and the heirs of the French Revolution. The section of his book devoted to Russian education is particularly interesting. For the rest, it is curious to note how closely these two writers, who have so very little similarity beyond a common knowledge of Russia, agree as to the future of the Russian people.

We in England, who for the most part are without such knowledge, are none the less preoccupied alike with the present and the future of our great Ally. We study the great Russian writers; we are beginning to appreciate the great Russian composers, the great Russian painters, and we know at least the names of some of the illustrious Slavs in modern science. But of what one may call the Homeric background of Russia, those Epic Poems of Slav folklore, we are for the most part profoundly ignorant. Consequently, one is grateful for the republication, after thirty years, of this admirable anthology, "The Epic Songs of Russia." The prose versions of these Slav songs deal in turn with the older heroes, the Cycle of Vladimir or of Kief, and with the Cycle of Novgorod. Like the kindred Serb legends, they contain an inexhaustible wealth of imaginative beauty in which every foreign element has been transmuted by the Slav touch so that an incongruous, almost homely actuality is infused into magic quests and dragon-haunted wastes.

J. A. T. Lloyd.

* "Europe's Debt to Russia." By Dr. Charles Sarolea. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Self-Government in Russia." By Paul Vinogranoff, F.B.A. 2s. 6d. (Constable.)—"The Epic Songs of Russia." By Isabel Florence Hapgood. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail, M.A., LL.D. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.*

I remember reading a novel of Mr. Dreiser's some while ago called "The Titan." It was an idealisation of a particularly brutal and unscrupulous type of financier, who achieved almost as many mistresses as he did dollars. Now Mr. Dreiser, with all his characteristic energy and resourcefulness, has adopted an artist for the hero of a novel even longer and even more interesting as an example of tendencies than "The Titan." Except for a few pages at the end, there is no sort of plot or architecture, or even narrative in "The Genius." Why? Because it is a realistic novel, and the realist, if you mildly protest that it is not novels but impressionist diaries that he writes, can always stump you with an implacable answer. "Life," he says, "is a patchwork, a confusion, an illogical chaos. Therefore, my novels, which photograph Life *as it is*, must necessarily be the same thing." And he goes merrily on, copying it all down on paper.

So that Eugene Tennyson Witla's career is not a story, but a series of disconnected episodes, or, as it happens to Witla, a series of sexual and business excitements. First there is Stella Appleton, then Margaret, then Angela Blue, then Ruby the model, then Christina Channing, then Norma Whitmore, then Frèda, then Mrs. Carlotta Wilson, and, lastly, Susanne Dale. These ladies are not, of course, all alike; about half of them are "sweet," girlish and passionate, and the other half bold, dashing, and passionate women of the world. Nor are Eugene's relations with them the same. One of them, Angela Blue, he marries. True, it does not make much difference to his meteoric career, for Angela is not the last in the procession. In fact, Eugene was unfaithful to her, even during his engagement to her. Susanne is the only one who is not an incident in the artist's quest for beauty. Angela and

* "The Genius." By Theodore Dreiser. 6s. (Lane.)

Mrs. Dale, Susanne's mother, make it extremely uncomfortable for him, so uncomfortable that, his business interests being threatened by the scandal, he half willingly surrenders her. In the meantime, the reader may be asking exactly what all this has to do with the genius of the artist. Well, frankly, I do not know, unless it be in the poetic idiom with which Eugene addresses his sweethearts: "How sweet you look! How beautiful you are! Oh, flower face! Myrtle bloom! Angel eyes! Divine Fire!" Nor do Eugene's circumstances fit precisely with one's conception of the genius. True, Shakespeare had a very good eye to the main chance, but then his plays are actual evidence. Whereas Eugene, who after some ups and downs, becomes Managing Publisher of the United Magazines Corporation, and speculates with the happiest results in real property, has little enough to show on the other side. Mr. Dreiser tells us that Eugene is a great painter, that he has exhibitions, that his friends and patrons tell him that he is a genius, and that he has dreams and visions. But the mere statement seems hardly adequate. The only acceptable kind of evidence would be in Eugene's philosophy of life, in the mental, emotional, and imaginative texture of his personality. And business prosperity, the abominable treatment of his wife, and numerous liaisons would seem to be as much the prerogative of lesser men as of the artistic genius.

As a matter of fact, there is a connection in this clever, industrious, ultra-modern and astonishingly naïve book between Eugene's life and his genius. It is that dear, fantastic, prehistoric thing, "the artistic temperament." That is the key to the whole book—this Victorian concept of the amorous, wicked, licensed artist. That is why Eugene is so constantly "terribly, eagerly, fearsomely in love." That is why he begs the mother of the girl he is anxious to seduce to have pity on "an unhappy, sympathetic, emotional mortal!" That is why he finds the marriage tie so irksome. It is the burden of the "artistic temperament." No wonder that those egregious young men of our 'nineties positively harped on the blessed release of an early grave. It was not altogether a pose. It was for them, and it is for Eugene, so terribly hard to live up to the "artistic temperament." Eugene, after losing Susanne, dabbles in Christian Science, and repeats to his satisfaction phrases like this: "An envelope to protect him from the unescapable and unstable illimitable." Mr. Dreiser has us both ways. He is a realist, and his hero is endowed with the "artistic temperament." With two such weapons you can write and do anything you please, and no one to say you nay.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

REALITY AND UNREALITY.*

Here are two works which by their contrasted qualities might lend themselves easily as text for a homily upon the essentials of drama. I am speaking merely of characterisation—the very stuff of drama—that fine web which the imagination of the dramatist should weave into the finality of a pattern of life so perfect that his art leaves us unconscious of its ragged edges. In the case of "John Ferguson" the characters are so carefully limned, so delicately poised and so tenderly observed, that they seem to continue on their way even when the purposes of this drama have been fulfilled—they in fact "live." In "The Riot Act" we seem to have certain arbitrary types paraded before us after the mode of the old puppet master—and danced to the tune set by their showman.

St. John G. Ervine's play is a worthy example of that Irish Literary Theatre which has promised so much and achieved so little, because it has never quite received the full honour which is its due. For your British play-going public there must be thwackings, bustlings, blows and grinnings—it has no stomach for the idealistic statement of reality, although in justice to the said public it is only fair to state that a regrettable lack of business capacity has failed to keep London audiences fully acquainted with the merits of the Irish Literary Theatre. A certain inertia, too, characteristic of the Celtic temperament, has to be laid to the charge of its promoters. Curiously enough, it happens that in "John Ferguson," the protagonist is an outstanding example of this characteristic.

Ferguson, an Irish peasant farmer, through the "enjoyment" of ill-health and the demonstration of a determinism which (by a too persistent appeal to Biblical texts) develops into tedious cant, has allowed the mortgage on his farm to lapse. The mortgagee, Henry Witherow, a ruthless, brutish man, is about to foreclose. James Cæsar, the mean-souled grocer, aspires to the hand of Ferguson's daughter. Hannah detests the man, though in a weak moment, and swayed by the thought that the marriage may help to save her father's farm, she consents to marry Cæsar. But a few words with her brother, Andrew, a delicate lad who has no bent for farm work, and with a heart set on study for the ministry, causes Hannah to change her mind. When Hannah returns from telling Witherow that he may foreclose, it is to reveal how that brute had attempted a criminal assault. Cæsar, the boastful but deedless, goes out with a threat to kill Witherow. Andrew has no faith in the man's boasts, and, urged on to vengeance by the taunts of the half-wit, Clutie, the young man shoots Witherow dead. Cæsar is arrested on suspicion, and the climax of the play is reached by the voluntary surrender of the real murderer. The author has carried out the exposition of character with a masterly hand. Every character is clearly limned, and we know them intimately because we have "lived" through their emotions. The irony of the contrast between grandiose intention and puerile performance is inherent to the theme rather than forced upon the spectator. There is one criticism I may record. "Clutie" Magrath whom the author employs as the ironic Chorus seems just a little too subtle in his method of inciting Andrew to murder. I know he has a precedent in one character of Shavian drama (Father Keegan), but although Mr. Ervine does not, in his journalistic explosions, make any pretence of avoiding the cocksureness of his illustrious idol, still he is too good and original a dramatist to spoil his plays by a suspicion of imitation.

I regret that so enthusiastic a claim cannot be submitted for "The Riot Act." I make a shrewd guess that the author reversed the proper process for play-making—the characters grew out of the plot—not the plot out of the characters. For the essential thing in a play dealing with labour is that the characters should develop, or at least they shall be seen to suffer through a progress of the emotions, each of which will be cumulative in effect, and yet leave the auditor in doubt as to the issue, and that we shall end by understanding their motives. The interesting mental case is on a par with the interesting patient—the period between the symptoms and the close must be packed with life. "The Riot Act" is not. Cunliffe, the general secretary of the National Quayside Workers' Union is subjected to no temptation to swerve from his original purpose because his character is too rigidly inflexible and insincere. Probably this happens because the author has reproduced an episode from real life, but I decline to believe in the sincerity of a labour leader who is so cynical as to regard "democracy" as "a stock-peroration phrase," and so truculent towards members of the Union as to threaten them with a revolver. The denouement does not arise out of any weakness of the protagonist—it is simply brought about by the act of a hysterical girl who had forged Cunliffe's signature, which makes the whole affair a mere episode more suitable for exposition in a two-scene music-hall sketch. The end is melodramatic—Cunliffe gets shot while trying to calm the mob. Labour leaders may be indiscreet at times, but never so indiscreet as that.

ROBB LAWSON.

* "John Ferguson." A Play in Four Acts. By St. John G. Ervine. 2s. net. (Maunsel & Co.)—"The Riot Act." A Play in Three Acts. By James Sexton. 1s. net. (Constable.)

THE MODERN NOTE.*

I am very much afraid that Mr. Hugh Walpole is inclined to be versatile. I have read only one other book of his, "The Duchess of Wrexe," an extremely clever, if slightly cynical, study of certain high society types. In that book he chose as his background the polished superficialities of the fashionable world of busy idlers. In his latest book he has gone to one of the seats of war for his setting. He is still concerned mainly with the psychological aspects of his theme: it is still the thoughts and feelings rather than the actions of his characters that most intrigue him. That is, of course, the modern note. But instead of the poses and affectations, shams and insincerities of the drawing-room he has given us raw stark humanity, stripped of its finicky pretty-prettinesses, face to face for the first time with the elemental actualities of life and death. And this is to be versatile indeed. Which is why I am afraid for him: the habitual reader of novels, like the habitual drunkard, preferring usually to glut his craving on the nepenthe he is used to.

"The Dark Forest" is, beyond question or cavil, a very fine book. As a rule it is a mistake to write a novel from the point of view of the mere onlooker who takes no very vital part in the story itself. But in this instance I think Mr. Walpole goes very far toward completely justifying his method. Only by means of a firsthand presentment of events could he have attained just the effects he aims at. If he fail at all—and I am not sure that he does—it is when, in the prosecution of his purpose, he has recourse to the diary of the poor little misfit man, Trenchard, the central figure of the tragedy. Trenchard is one of those men whom you love for their very unlovableness; one of those men who, whilst they exasperate you, make you feel sorry for them. His passion for Anna Petrovna is a revelation of that depth and strength of feeling which may abide in the secret recesses of those who are seemingly most shallow and futile. It is in his handling of these finer shades of emotion that Mr. Walpole is most admirable. And he has been happy in his choice of foils. Both the sardonic Semyonov and the impenetrably reticent Nikitin are very aptly realised and rendered. And in no other company, perhaps, would the pathos of Trenchard's inadequacy to the high demands of such tremendous issues as arise before him be so exquisitely made manifest to the reader. Andrey Vassilievitch also, the unromantic sentimentalist, the garrulous dreamer, is quite a gem of finished portraiture. Only about the woman herself am I a little doubtful; but then, since those of us who have taken the trouble to study women must needs be always a little doubtful about them, this may be only another tribute to the art of the author. The style of the book is nicely blended of impressionism, realism, and mysticism. The detail is never too meticulous. The impressionism is never too sketchy and therefore elusive. And the mysticism: the mysticism is of the very essence of the atmosphere: it seems to breathe in the wind and lurk in the shadows, to haunt the dreams, sway the impulses, and direct the doings of all who come under the influence of that mighty new spirit of Russia which pulses and thrills through every fresh manifestation of its national genius. Mr. Walpole has caught and reflected this new sidelight upon the destiny of mankind, as it is foreshadowed in the progress of European civilisations, with a keenness of vision and a swiftness of apprehension which illumines his book with an added splendour of achievement.

In "The River of Life," a book of four short stories translated from the Russian, we have this modern note sounded again. Indeed, this modern note would seem to be the most expressive of the newly-awakened consciousness

* "The Dark Forest." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)—"The River of Life, and Other Stories." By Alexander Krupin. Translated from the Russian by S. Koteliansky and J. M. Murry. 3s. 6d. (Maunsel.)—"These Lynnekers." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Cassells.)—"Moll Davis." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Battle of Flowers." By Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

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of Russia. In his introduction Mr. Macdonald Murry says that Krupin "is alive as none of his contemporaries is alive, and his stories are stories told for the delight of the telling and the tale." Well, I am not so sure of that. I have read Gorki and Tchekov, Dostoievski and Turgenev, and it seems to me that they are all far better tale-tellers than Krupin, who is new to me. As a matter of fact these stories are hardly tales at all. The first two are just rough chunks of realism, crudely forceful and no doubt true enough to the life they depict, but—or so it seems to me—hardly worth doing for their own sake. The third story in the book is a very excellent piece of satire, and the last a rather dreary, inconclusive narrative of superstition and witchcraft, of no particular import and altogether lacking in any definite cohesive *motif* such as might have given it meaning and emphasis. As an example of the art of a certain rather precious cult this book has its indubitable value; but it is only to the more eclectic reader I could conscientiously recommend it.

It is therefore with even greater pleasure than usual that I turn from these short stories to a consideration of Mr. J. D. Beresford's new book, "These Lynnekers." Mr. Beresford is a modern of the moderns. Something of that rare talent for fantasy which endued the "Hampdenshire Wonder" and "Goslings" with a strange air of veri-similitude in spite of their inherent unreality, invests all his work with a quality very hard to define. Mr. Beresford also is among the psychologists. His characterisation is invariably good. In none of his books is there ever a mere puppet or dummy. And yet he seems to write, not in the past or the present but always in the future tense. His people never are but always to be—themselves, some-day. They are always in a state of flux, transition: which is merely to say that they are very human, perhaps. As indeed they are: so human that, having met them and been privileged to know them for a little while and to get interested in them, we are always more curious to know what they are going to do after we have parted from them than we were when they were with us. "These Lynnekers" are a family of ancient lineage and moderate fortune, most of whom have been parsons, none of whom have ever distinguished themselves in any outstanding way. They are always putting off till to-morrow what they should do to-day. They are dilatory and procrastinating, always temporising, never making up their minds. All, that is to say, except one of them, the hero, Dickie. Dickie at first seems to be of a wholly different type, quick alike in thought and deed. He does things because he wants to do them, and not (like the rest of his family) because they are the things he is expected to do. In a book he is utterly delightful. In private life I have an idea he would be—not so delightful. He is, as the girl he falls in love with and who falls in love with him rightly says, a bit of a prig. And he rides rough-shod over other people's sensibilities in a way that is hardly conducive to popularity. He succeeds, of course, in his chosen vocation; he is one of those strong men, caring nothing for others' opinion, who always do succeed—in books, anyway. And yet he fails, rather comprehensively too, in that he finds no sort of full satisfaction in his success. We leave him on the point of taking up a new post as assistant to the Astronomer Royal; and this after a strenuous business career extending over ten years or so. It does not seem at all the sort of job he is fitted for by nature or predilection. Neither does it seem to me the sort of job to gratify his ambitions—if Dickie may be said to have any ambitions. And this is where, I think, Mr. Beresford's delicate sense of irony comes into play. Dickie is just as much a Lynneker, after all, as any other member of his family; only he is a Lynneker on a larger, grander scale; he does not wobble about among a muddle of silly little indecisions that leave him where he was; he moves slowly from one vast indecision to another, and so gets nowhere. Herein, however, I may be mistaken in the author's intention; but it is precisely because Mr. Beresford does inveigle and intrigue his readers in this fascinating fashion that he is always so supremely interesting.

Of the last two books on my list, it is enough to say that Mr. Bernard Capes is as hackneyed and spirited and mannered and entertaining and ingenious as ever in his new romance on the old theme of the days and ways of the Restoration; and that Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole's book is a glibly-written and easily-to-be-read story which suffers only from the fact that she has chosen as its pivot a difficult situation which she is a little too inexperienced to handle effectively, and so shirks and bungles. But both these books are very good average specimens of their kind, and quite well worth reading if you only want to be, as the saying is, taken out of yourself.

EDWIN PUGH.

OUR EPIC HARDY.*

There are some writers whose characteristic excellence is disclosed almost fully in a single work, and there are some who need space and time for the due exhibition of their gifts. Mr. Kipling is a good example of the first kind, Mr. Hardy of the second. The public were instantly aware of Mr. Kipling, and their view of him has not materially altered. The shape that Mr. Kipling took in the public mind twenty-five years ago may have deepened in certain parts of its outline, but it has not changed, and it will never change. The secular art of Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, has had to make its impression slowly by the weight and volume of a large production. Certainly there was no instant effect. "Desperate Remedies" appeared in 1871, "Under the Greenwood Tree" in 1872, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" in 1873 and "Far from the Madding Crowd" in 1874; but in none of these sequential years can we find any evidence that the public were aware of the new planet swum into their ken. Indeed, it may be said of quite recent times that, though a respectable number of readers had discerned the greatness of Mr. Hardy, the public at large remained singularly unaware of him till twenty years after his first novel, when "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was eagerly asked for by all who had heard it denounced as indecent, and "Jude the Obscure" was cast with advertised horror into the flames of episcopal fire-places.

This slow process of recognition has been repeated lately in the case of a single work, and that his greatest. When Part I. of "The Dynasts" appeared a dozen years ago, puzzled critics were inclined to hedge, and to hedge they continued when the other sections followed. No one who read the average notice of the work could clearly tell whether Mr. Hardy had made a great poem or a great mistake. This is no reproach to the reviewers, reproachful as they often are. The simple fact is that Mr. Hardy does not reveal himself instantly. He is no "lily of a day"; he is rather the gradual oak; and in small proportions we cannot see his just beauties. "The Dynasts" is a mighty whole, and any one of its three volumes is vastly less than a third of it. The ingenious selection of scenes put on the stage a year ago suffered through this tenacious indivisibility. It was a well-meant representation; but it was also a serious misrepresentation, and those whose knowledge of the work is limited to that stage version are not much better off than those whose knowledge of Gœthe's "Faust" is limited to the libretto of Gounod's opera.

This slow unfolding of Mr. Hardy's general greatness, and the late flowering of his genius into an epic-drama not only mighty, but entirely unprecedented, give him such an air of being contemporary that we sometimes forget his seventy-five years and his early Victorian birth, and look to him still with expectation. Thus it comes about that we find him included in Mr. Nisbet's series as a "Writer of the Day" with men middle-aged in years and old hands in literature, yet so junior that they might be his children. It is a pleasure to find him thus included, and to find also that the little volume is a worthy tribute to an artist of austere dignity and unimpeachable rectitude. Mr. Hardy has sometimes made mistakes—as, I think, at the end of "Tess" where, in the midst of tragedy, he hoists the black

* "Thomas Hardy." By Harold Child. 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

flag of melodrama; but he has never made himself cheap, which is more than can be said for one of his critics. Mr. Chesterton gaily dismisses the author of "The Dynasts" as a "village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." This is a sentence that will take some living down, and it prompts us to add that, if Mr. Hardy is rarely funny, at least he is never vulgar. "No one outside Colney Hatch (continues Mr. Chesterton) ever took nature so unnaturally as it was taken in what Mr. Hardy has had the blasphemy to call Wessex Tales." Mr. Chesterton has to pay the penalty of genius. He has vagaries. When his criticism is good it is very very good, and when it is bad it is horrid. But he need not try to be purposely horrid at the expense of a brave and unprostituted talent, and he should really endeavour sometimes to discover which of his critical gems are genuinely flashing and which are only flashy. Mr. Harold Child, having no sectarian scourge to wield, is less ready with charges of blasphemy—charges made on other occasions by other defenders of even older religions than Mr. Chesterton's—and he does not, like Mr. Chesterton, gravitate naturally to Colney Hatch in search of comparisons. Actually, his excellent account of Mr. Hardy's artistic purpose finds something enlarging and almost exalted in the view that Hardy takes of Nature's supreme aloofness. To represent the forces of Nature, in Pagan fashion, as sympathising with man, or leagued against man, or taking sides on man's account, may be pleasant and even exhilarating, but it is simply untrue, and it is an untruth that Mr. Hardy courageously refuses to tell. We may find pleasure in the breezes and terror in the storm; but these emotions are in us, not in them. Upon Egdon Heath, as Mr. Hardy sees it, Macbeth might have encountered the witches and Lear have huddled in the madman's hut; but the Heath itself, immemorially old, living, yet insensible, takes no heed of these tragic and transient atomies.

Nowhere is this supreme aloofness of the cosmic forces from the strivings of man so magnificently exhibited as in "The Dynasts," to which Mr. Child very properly devotes much of his space and most of his praise. This stupendous epic-drama is literally unique. It is the Melchizedec of poems, without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life. It resembles no other work in the world's range of literature, and it is as mighty as it is orginial. These superlatives will seem superfluous to some; but I find so many readers still ignorant of this drama, that I am rioting in praise for their behoof. To commend it as history after lauding it as poetry is to risk an anti-climax; nevertheless I urge that its fidelity as a mere picture of marching events is not the least of its merits. Once upon a time I taught history to student teachers; and if ever I had to take the Napoleonic period again I should prescribe "The Dynasts" as a text book. Written several years before the present war, it fits the spirit of these times like the fulfilment of a prophecy. England is England still when it can cast up such a song of history; and no place but this earth, this realm, this England could have produced it. Nothing so truly indigenous has appeared since Shakespeare threw aside his pen, and nothing more truly patriotic. "A hundred years hence," says Mr. Child, very aptly, "when the hour has come for a new great epic of European history, may England have as great and as daring a poet as Hardy to write it!"

George Sampson.

Novel Notes.

CREDULITY ISLAND. By Frederick Watson. 2s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

No man of a really dignified solemnity, who never wants to be anything better, should attempt to read this book, for it is simply, as the author confesses in a foreword, "an excursion in hilarity. There is in it nothing deliberately instructive, probable, or elevating." But the

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THE IRON STAIR. By "Rita." 6s. (Putnams.)

A cleverly written romance of Dartmoor, with an exciting plot, thrilling incidents and some ingenious character studies, is the "Iron Stair" by "Rita." The Honourable Aubrey Fitzjohn Derringham, very much bored with life, is urged by his valet, a reformed convict, to interest himself in a criminal case in which a young man is accused of forging his uncle's signature. Convinced of the prisoner's innocence, he becomes absorbed in the English prison system and accidentally is brought into contact with the very people concerned in the case that has so strangely affected him. In consequence, he gets involved in a love affair and other things much more dangerous, but ultimately finds happiness for himself and for others. Needless to say the plot is one containing many strong dramatic situations and opportunities, of which the author never fails to take advantage. The sentiment is sincere and delightfully fresh, and the pathos never exaggerated. It is a book that all who like a good tale will be sure to enjoy—"Rita's" skill at story-telling is well known, and her latest novel is in every way worthy of her high reputation.

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This is the story of a marriage of impulse that develops in an unexpected manner. Fauvette, the little French girl whom Martin Wilderspin marries twenty-four hours after meeting her for the first time in Paris, is a delightful character. Gay, charming, noble-hearted, she makes a sharp contrast to the mean-souled Martin, who marries her in order to pique his dull and narrow-minded parents. The home in England to which he introduces Fauvette is appallingly monotonous, and here the author gives us a vivid picture of the dreariness of this respectable country household. For three years Fauvette endures it all, for Martin's sake; though Martin himself is quite indifferent to her. Then an old school chum of Martin's arrives from Florida—and unexpected things begin to happen. Probably the reader thinks he can guess what happens, but it is very unlikely that he will guess correctly; for this is not a story that runs in hackneyed grooves.

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The perfect parable appeals by its story to the child that lives in every man's heart, while its moral touches the man already present in the waking conscience of the child. If Miss Meigs, in this collection of twelve stories, does not attain to the level of the great masters, she follows closely in their footsteps The scene of her book is laid in the Kingdom of the Winding Road, whose lord, though he appears in every story in the guise of a beggar, lame and poorly clad, is possessed of very marvellous powers and great wisdom. All who travel through the kingdom, fall in with him at some time or another, and those who are wise enough to take his advice and march to the music of his slender silver pipe meet with the most exciting and wonderful adventures out of which they come laden with spoil of many sorts. Miss Meigs knows the geography of the Kingdom intimately and is at home in such places as Twopenny Town, the Palace of Bubbles, and the Garden of Tears and Smiles, and other equally famous and interesting places. The style is terse and restrained. Miss White's illustrations are quaint and good. Altogether a delightful book, somewhat out of the common run.

DAVID PENSTEPHEN. By Richard Pryce. 6s. (Methuen.)

In "David Penstephen" Mr. Richard Pryce traces the development of a boy from childhood through schooldays to the choice of a career. David, his hero, is the son of parents who for the sake of their opinions have dispensed with any outward form of marriage, and his childhood is spent in being hurried from one Continental town to another, from hotel to hotel and from lodging-house to lodging-house. At last the weight of public opinion is too strong for his mother, and she persuades David's father into marrying her. Immediately afterwards Mr. Penstephen inherits the family title through the accidental deaths of its bearer and his heir. And then comes the birth of David's brother, the legal heir. David himself, however, is kept in ignorance of the state of affairs, and his enlightenment forms the theme of the latter half of the book. It is a story which one can commend unreservedly to almost every variety of reader, and for skilful characterisation, for humour, poignancy, and charm, it is safe to say that few novels will be published this year to equal it. In reading "David Penstephen" we had three hours blessed release from all thought of the war.

REALMS OF DAY. By Hugh de Sélincourt. 6s. (Nisbet.)

And so Mr. de Sélincourt has taken pity upon Constance Howard! She was badly treated by Reginald Trew in "A Daughter of the Morning," but she comes into her kingdom through the love of Jeremy Rivarol in "Realms of Day." Rivarol is all that Trew was not, and never could be, a straight, clean, loyal soul, and Constance fared better with this International Rugby player than she would have done as the wife of a fibreless art-critic. There are three women in the book; Jeremy's grandmother, a hale, alert old lady, who believed in physical culture and shaped her grandson into manliness; Constance herself; and Juanita Sauvin, a little, passionate pianist, who supplies a temporary tragedy by stirring Constance's jealousy. The jealousy episode is not convincing. Where the book is alive is in the account of Jeremy's adolescence and in the description of his early married life, both vividly handled. Mr. de Sélincourt has avoided the easy temptation of making Jeremy a prig, and succeeded remarkably in drawing the character of his grandmother, who is mentally and morally vital. Constance was fortunate to find a lover who had been so wisely trained. Their love-making has little that is conventional, but neither of them was conventional, and it is their sheer sincerity which brings them through the ugly channel of jealousy, even though the reader, towards the end, is tempted to mutter "quixotic." There is just enough of Jeremy as a hot gospeller for the "Pride of body" propaganda, but he is keen upon the muscles of the spirit as well, and this natural passion for

fullness of vitality saves him from the reproach of narrowness. The novel is distinctly fresh, from start to finish, written with verve and care, not overdone, but a finished study. The subject makes it more attractive than its predecessor, but, for once, the sequel is not inferior.

CARAVAN DAYS. By George Goodchild. With Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The wanderspirit, a love of music, and a keen sympathy with the poor and suffering are the underlying influences in the eleven stories that make up "Caravan Days." You get all three qualities combined, with an added sense of life's discordant little ironies, in the story that gives its title to the book; a story of a squalid family that roams the country picking up a living gipsy-fashion. They deal mainly in clothes-pegs and tinware. The mother nags, the father drinks heavily, the son, a small boy, is a harried, unhappy little slave, until a day comes when he falls in with Jasper, a man of some education, a wandering stranger, who befriends him in an accident and, despite the forbidding attitudes of the boy's father and mother, insists on attaching himself to their company. He is tolerated because he proves to have mechanical ingenuity and makes wire brooches which they sell at a goodly profit, of which he is complacent enough to take his share mainly in promises. Jasper brings something of the graciousness of music, and poetry and human kindness into the boy's life for the first time; then it turns out that he has all the while been a fugitive from justice and, at the end of a year or two's rovings, he is detected and arrested in a market-town for the murder of his wife. It is another sort of irony that moralises "The Sporting Instinct"; "The Spider" is a powerful study in the weird, the bizarre, the uncannily horrible; "A Ballade" is just a charming country scene with a peripatetic violinist passing through

We got a hurdle and took him home.

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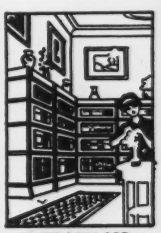

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it; and "Zarapy" a no less charming sentimental romance of the town, in which chance gives a starving musical genius the opportunity that leads to success. Two of the tales, and one of these perhaps the best in the book, arise out of the present war. Mr. Goodchild has imagination, a vivid descriptive gift and an eye for character; moreover, he writes well, and the prevailing human interest of his stories should give them a sure appeal.

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In "Frey and his Wife," Maurice Hewlett gives us a fantastic story of old Scandinavia, wherein each page breathes the atmosphere of very long ago. In those days life was rendered complex by reason of its very pagan simplicity. This is a tale of the last of the worship of the olden gods, and of the coming of Christianity. We learn how King Olaf was baptised in Scilly, from where he brought back priests and a bishop who taught the new religion to the folk of Norway and of Iceland; of the treachery of Ogmund Bint, a boastful villain with a hollow in his skull "like a sea-gull's nest"; and of the good fortune of Gunnar, who slew a god and married his very human wife. Withal the book might be more than a trifle disjointed, were it not welded together by the whimsical humour of the author. And we should like to be allowed to protest here and now that we particularly appreciated the end of that rascal Ogmund Bint, who was baptised first and hung afterwards, which procedure King Olaf hoped would insure him a lasting punishment.

GREATER THAN THE GREATEST. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In his new story Mr. Hamilton Drummond takes his readers from the storm and stress of the twentieth century to lose themselves for a recreation while in the storm and stress of thirteenth-century Rome. His story opens at the time when Pope Honorius the Third lay on his deathbed and introduces us at once to the family of the Cardinal who looks for appointment to St. Peter's Chair. We see Bianca Pandone brought from provincial poverty to reside in the palace of her uncle, the Cardinal Pandone, where she meets two hitherto unheard-of cousins Emilia and Alessandro, who are by custom entitled niece and nephew of the ecclesiastic. Though Pandone did not win the election he thought his triumph but deferred; towards the ensuring of it on the next occasion he wished to make certain that the Emperor Frederick's twice postponed Crusade for the recovery of the Holy Places should take place, and for this purpose the beautiful niece who had so long been neglected was sent to the Emperor as emissary, and hence followed some stirring episodes. Bianca is a woman of strong character who refuses to be made a puppet in the hands of her ambitious uncle, and if she carries out his embassy does so on her own terms and in her own fashion, and doing so finds that love which is "greater than the greatest." It is a well-told story of mediæval action and intrigue.

SHOULD SHE HAVE TOLD HIM? By the Author of "My Wife's Hidden Life." 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is an irresistible fascination in anything of mystery, as the anonymous author of this dramatic novel has fully realised. The very title piques our curiosity and tempts us to open the book, and once that is done we find ourselves plunged into the heart of a gripping story, in which love and mystery are cleverly involved. The heroine is a remarkable character, skilfully portrayed; and a scandal in her past life is the secret she at first withholds from, and then discloses to, the man she loves—with results that are disastrous and verging on tragedy. Whether she acted rightly or wrongly, is certainly a controversial point, and the problem will be followed with intense interest by all who enjoy a realistic story, written with vigour and sympathy and with a shrewd knowledge of men and women. The many who were enthralled by that absorbing novel, "My Wife's Hidden Life" will welcome another from the pen of the same writer.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WIDOWHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA. By Clare Jerrold. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

There will not be wanting among the future historians of the great war, those who will attribute to Queen Victoria a large measure of the blame for it. That she consistently worked for a "strong Prussia" and used all her despotic influence with her Ministers to prevent any opposition to the plans for Prussia's aggrandisement, in spite of her dislike for Bismarck, is so well known that Mrs. Jerrold's book does not add much to our knowledge of it. But her book is, notwithstanding, most interesting and contains a multitude of anecdotes which will be read with avidity. Without pretending to be an orthodox biography, it is, like its two predecessors, a valuable collection of information concerning the Widow Queen's habits of mind. Mrs. Jerrold has laboured successfully to point out the evil effects of the Teutonic influence of the Prince Consort and remarks with great truth that the British people owe much to the Ministers who resisted her despotic will. Queen Victoria succeeded eventually, as Mrs. Jerrold shows, in overcoming the hostility of large sections of her people, but we are not likely to forget how she restrained the activities of her son and thus lost to England for the major portion of his life the services of the first diplomat of Europe. The various influences which were brought to bear upon Queen Victoria throughout her widowhood are aptly described by Mrs. Jerrold and she has produced a very useful contribution towards the history of the Victorian Age. The book contains several photographs and a good index.

OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS: An Attempt to Find a Philosophy and a Creed. By Arnold Haultain. (Werner Laurie.)

The publication of this book at such a time as the present is a proof of considerable courage and commendable faith on the part of the author and his publisher. If, as it is to be hoped, it will result in encouraging his readers to go in search of some of the pleasures of the open road, which are only revealed to those who are content to tramp, Mr. Haultain will not have laboured in vain. The volume comprises a collection of the author's stray contributions to periodicals all on the subject of his favourite recreation, some of which are short and even fragmentary. But he is so enthusiastic that one follows the accounts of his rambles with interest, even if one is not so taken with his moralisings on the philosophy of walking. Mr. Haultain's earliest walks were in Burma—to the recollection of which he devotes a minute chapter of two half-pages—and he recalls wanderings in India, Canada and England. His preface is dated from Geneva in 1914, where, no doubt, he found fresh fields for his pastime. In one of his chapters he deals with the literature of walking, and supplies footnotes which, resembling the old commentators, rise like the waters of a spring-tide, and threaten to swamp the text. These footnotes supply the titles of many books that are confined wholly or in part to the subject of walking, but this list is singularly incomplete without Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey," which is perhaps one of the best things that has ever been done on the subject, or Stevenson's paper on "Walking Tours," or Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot." Mr. Haultain quotes from Rousseau, but fails to mention the charming account of his journey with Mlles. de Graffenried and Galley, which is described in Book IV of the first part of his "Confessions."

SHAKESPEARE AND DEMOCRACY. By Edward Salmon. 2s. net. (McBride, Nast.)

If you take it that Shakespeare was always putting into the mouths of his characters his own private sentiments and opinions, it is possible to prove that in politics, religion and philosophy he was everything, simultaneously or by turns, that a mortal man is capable of being. Judging him in this way, for we know too little of his private life and personality to judge him in any other, Hartley Coleridge

decided, says Mr. Salmon, that he was a Tory and a gentleman; he was "to Lord Morley a feudalist; Professor Brandes speaks of his anti-democratic bias; Professor Dowden had doubts whether he should label Shakespeare Liberal or Conservative; to Mr. William Archer he was an aristocrat and a snob; Mr. Frank Harris writes of his 'aristocratic leanings,' his detestation of the Commons, his contempt for mere citizens; Mr. Charles Whibley links him with Aristophanes and 'all the greatest of the poets' as a sound Tory; on the other hand, to Swinburne he was something of a Socialist." The whole thing is bound to be guess work; Shakespeare's dramatis personæ of course held the views that belonged to their characters; and you can only deduce something of his own by taking the general thought and feeling that prevail throughout the plays. This Mr. Salmon has done in a series of ten thoughtful and suggestive essays, and he comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare was a democratic Imperialist. He gives chapter and verse for the faith that is in him, and whether you agree with him or not, you will find his book interesting and stimulating reading.

Notes on New Books.

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Matilda and Marcus, by Mary Richardson (6s.) is a book of dreams—of noble, inspiring dreams—a novel with a purpose. Marcus is a plumber-poet, and Matilda his wife, who worships him, believes him to be a poet of remarkable powers, little guessing that it is only her own genius that inspires him. The story tells of her disillusionment, of the devastation of her hopes, and of how she rises from the wreckage with a fresh ideal before her, and a new purpose in life. The author is one who has devoted herself to the cause of womanhood, and she captures in this tale of a woman-genius the radiance of her own enthusiasm, the echo of her own passionate hopes and desires. The reader whose mind is in tune with Miss Richardson's, and who shares with her the vision of a glorious freedom and self-realisation in the future of woman, will find the book refreshing and exhilarating, and will read it with the keenest enjoyment. Even the reader who is not in sympathy with its ideals must be conscious of its uplifting atmosphere, and of its joyous prophecy of a new dawn, for the sincerity of the author rings through her writings.

MESSRS. POTTER BROS.

Lovers of Hackney and all who are in any way acquainted with that district, will welcome Mr. George Grocott's interesting little volume, **Hackney Fifty Years Ago** (1s. net.), which gives the author's recollections of the place, and its changes and developments during the last fifty years. Written brightly and entertainingly, his personal experiences in boyhood and youth and later as first Town Clerk of Hackney, make very pleasant reading. In a brief introduction he tells us that for five years he has been totally blind, but that one of the most agreeable sources of mental recreation since this terrible affliction has been to conjure up visions of his early life. "In my waking dreams,"

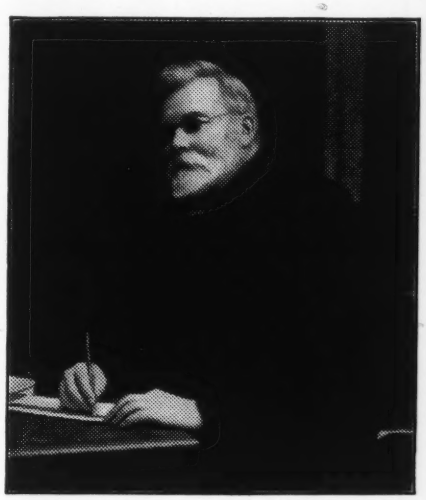

Photo by A. Hester, Upper Clapton. **Mr. George Grocott.**

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